

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *The whole Booke of Psalmes, with their wonted Tunes, as they are sang in Churches, composed into Foure Parts.* 1592. Reprinted for the Members of the Musical Antiquarian Society, and edited by E. F. RIMBAULT, LL. D., F. S. A.
2. *The whole Booke of Psalmes, with the Hymnes Ecangelical and Songs Spiritual, composed into Four Parts by sundry Authors, &c.* Edited by the Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, M. A. London: 1845.
3. *The People's Music Book, Part I., consisting of a Selection of Psalm Tunes, in Four Parts, with an arrangement for the Organ or Piano Forte.* Edited by JAMES TURLIE, Organist of Westminster Abbey, and EDWARD TAYLOR, Professor of Music in Gresham College. London: 1844.

THERE are periodical ebullitions of zeal among the English people for the furtherance of divers worthy purposes; most of which may have been constantly within their view for a succession of years without exciting much attention. On a sudden, however, one or more of them assumes an air of importance, and becomes an object of general conversation; the press, perhaps the pulpit, takes it up—the bell-wethers lead—the flock instinctively follow, and a subject which had scarcely been of sufficient consequence to interest a parish, all at once interests a nation. Such has been the case with regard to that portion of the worship of God which is performed by the aid of music. After more than a century of patient acquiescence in the single drawl of a clerk, or the unisonous squall of a row of charity children, we seem to have awakened to the conviction that this is not music, and that still less can it act as a help or incentive to devotion. The necessity of some change must be considered to be admitted on all sides, when everybody agrees that “whatever is, is wrong.” Nevertheless, to what extent, and in what way the change shall be effected, all sorts of discordant opinions are afloat, from the want of clear and distinct notions of either the purpose in view, or the proper means of attaining it. This arises from the ignorance of persons, whom, unfortunately, that ignorance has not prevented from at once twaddling and dogmatizing, nor from exercising considerable influence over the public.

If music formed a part of the education of the English people—if even the clergy were “*medicriter docti in plano cantu*”—this could not happen; or if they acted upon Burke's wise resolve, that “where he did not see his way clearly he would tread cautiously,” the efforts we may make would be made in one and the same direction, all tending to a certain definite end, and all adopting the best and surest means. But as our musical reformers are destitute, for the most part, of any knowledge on the subject, either historical, theoretical, or practical, the questions—whether our efforts at amendment will be made in the right or the wrong direction, as well as whether the object which is sought to be attained can, or even ought

to, be accomplished, are likely to be settled by pure accident, or something very little better. We would willingly throw a little light upon the point in debate, by considering it with reference to history, to authority, and to utility. It will be found, we think, that history and authority clearly show what are the modes and forms in which music can be fitly employed in devotional service; though at present they are perpetually confounded, in equal disregard of rule and of good taste.

Music, as a part of public worship, is either performed by a choir distinct from the congregation, or by the congregation themselves, or by both alternately.

The former was the practice in the Jewish Temple, where also originated the antiphonal chant—a method of singing which then, as now, required two choirs, each in itself complete, and separate from the congregation. (Nehem. xii.) Whatever were the musical attainments of the “men singers and the women singers,” they are constantly mentioned as a separate body, towards whom the Rabbi stood in the situation now occupied by the Precentor in our cathedrals.\* “And David was clothed with a robe of fine linen, and all the Levites that bare the ark, and the singers, and Chenaniah, the master of the song, with the singers.” (1 Chron. xv. 25.) The two hemistichs of each verse were sung by the opposite choirs or by the Precentor-Rabbi and the choir; the whole assembly, at the end of the Psalm at least, (Hallelujah, Amen!) often replacing the choir. That the singing was alternate is clear from the structure or parallelism of many of the Psalmes, and also from the Hebrew verb *צמח*, usually translated “to sing,” but sometimes, “to sing responsively.” Thus, in Ezra iii. 11, “And they sang together by course, in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord,” &c. For the transmission of the alternate chorus from the Jewish Church to the Christian, Lowth, in his Nineteenth Lecture on Hebrew Poetry, quotes the early authority of Pliny's Letters; and that of Bingham for its continuance in the latter Church from the first ages.

To this Psalmody, towards the close of the sixth century, about 590, Gregory the Great adapted the eight tones of the Greek music—an accidental improvement upon the Jewish recitatives. But a new element had been previously introduced by Ambrose into the Western Church at Milan. This was the Hymn or Metrical Song, and its date is from about A. D. 380. Some of these Ambrosian hymns, together with their original tunes, are still preserved, and are traceable by Vatican and German MSS. up to the time of Charlemagne. The Gentile Christians from the first had been acquainted with the Greek music. It consisted of three highly cultivated systems, of the simplest of which (the diatonic or two simple tetrachords) they availed themselves in forming the “*octo toni ecclesie*.” The original tunes to the Ambrosian hymns are all composed in one of the modes of the

\* “*Quem nos Cantorem nunc a cantando vocamus, vel Choram, quasi caput Chori.*”—Kireher, Musurgia, p. 58.

diatonic system, and they were sung by the whole congregation.

Under these circumstances there was for a time choir singing and congregational singing. Both would flourish together. The hymns were congregational; while choir music was the old Hebrew element of Psalmody in its proper sense. But even here the Christian impulse led to giving a part to the congregation. Thus in the *Te Deum laudamus* the whole congregation sang the responses in Augustin's time. But a century or two later Christendom and Christian worship underwent a serious transformation. As the Dark Ages set in, and the hierarchal system became complete by the appointment of *Canonici*, congregational hymn-singing during the service was dropped altogether, and the *Canonici* became the substitutes of the congregation. The choir or chancel, by which the persons who officiated in the service were separated from the general assembly, was an invention of mediæval architecture, corresponding with this change.

Choir music had been long a favorite art in great ecclesiastical establishments, and was now certain of being more devoutly and professionally encouraged than ever. From its first admission into Christianity, England had taken its place in the cultivation of sacred music along with the rest of the Western World. Choirs were formed\* and endowed in our cathedrals, provision was made for their instruction, and priests were taught to sing. "Pope Gregory I. founded and endowed a school at Rome, in which children were instructed in reading, singing, and good morals: from this school those were taken, when well accomplished for it, who were to perform the musical part of the service in public."† "Paulinus," says Bede, "leaving York and returning to Rochester, left behind him one James, a priest, who, when that province had peace, and the number of the faithful increased, being very skillful in ecclesiastical song, began to teach many to sing after the way of Rome or Canterbury."‡ "Gerbertus Fontinellensis, § Airnardus Divensis, || and Durandus Troarnensis, ¶

\* Nothing, however, approaching to the splendid establishments of David. The account, 1 Chron. xxiii., supposes music and poetry to have been in a most flourishing state. "By him no less than four thousand singers or musicians were appointed from among the Levites, under two hundred and eighty-eight principal singers or leaders of the band, and distributed into twenty-four companies, who officiated weekly by rotation in the Temple, and whose whole business was to perform the sacred hymns: the one part chanting or singing, and the other playing upon different instruments. The chief of these were Asaph, Heman, and Iduthum, who also, as we may presume from the titles of the Psalms, were composers of hymns." After this, Lowth may well observe on the original dignity and grandeur of the Hebrew Ode; and Milton must have admitted that the choir was worthy in its amplitude of those "frequent songs throughout the law and prophets," which he held "incomparable," not in "their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, over all the kinds of lyric poetry."

† Dorrington's (Rev. Theo.) Discourse on Singing in the Worship of God (1704), p. 182.

‡ Bede, *Histor. lib. ii. chap. 20*, (quoted by Dean Comber).

§ The Benedictine abbey of Fontenelle, or St. Wandrille, in the diocese of Rouen, founded by Wandresigillas in the seventh century.

|| The Benedictine abbey of St. Pierre sur Dive, founded by Lucellina, wife of William, Count of Eu, "super rivum Dive," in the diocese of Lisieux.

¶ The Benedictine abbey of Troarn, in the diocese of Bayeux.

like three radiant stars in the firmament of heaven, so shone these three abbots in the citadel of Jehovah. To the fervor of devotion and the warmth of charity they added the possession of various kinds of knowledge, continually thirsting after the service of God in his holy temple. Among those who were best skilled in the art of music they excelled; especially in singing and chanting the sweetly-sounding antiphons and responses. They gave forth, springing from pure hearts, melodious praises of the Almighty King, whom cherubim and seraphim and all the host of heaven adore—of the holy Virgin Mary, the mother of our Saviour; and carefully taught the boys of the church to sing in concert to the Lord, with Asaph and Eman, Ethun and Iduthum, and the sons of Chore."\* At every period the extent of the choir must of course everywhere have varied with the provision which had been given or bequeathed for its support. In England, for instance, the twenty-four vicars of Exeter Cathedral were incorporated in 1194. The choir of Durham, at the time of the Reformation, consisted of twelve minor canons, a deacon and subdeacon, ten clerks (either priests or laymen), ten choristers (boys), and their master. The Lincoln choir in the reign of Edward III. comprised the precentor, four priest vicars, eight lay vicars, an organist, eight (boy) choristers, and seven chanters added and endowed by Bartholomew Lord Burghersh. More specific instances are unnecessary; we may state, generally, that the number of the choir ranged, in different cathedral and collegiate churches, from twenty to fifty; that an ample revenue had been appropriated for their maintenance; that, after the example of Pope Gregory I., a grammar-school was attached to every cathedral, where the boys received such musical as well as classical instruction as qualified them for more advanced stations, clerical or lay, in the choir; and that the duties of every member of such a choir were accurately and distinctly defined. The funds which had been set apart for this purpose in any particular establishment, survived the Reformation wherever the establishment itself survived. In case they should have subsequently disappeared, the lovers of cathedral music may probably in time hear of something to their advantage through the agency of Mr. Whiston and his pamphlet on "Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment."

The Reformation would of course find the musical part of the Church service in much the same condition on the continent as in England—the congregation equally excluded. On inquiring to whom we are indebted for that class of sacred music which is now distinguished by the share the congregation has in its performance, Rochlitz refers to "the compositions of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and to the hymns and tunes of the United Brethren." But the decided reaction waited for the authority of Luther and Calvin. Both were bent on bringing back the congregation as active parties in this portion of the service. They differed only in the form of doing it—Luther preferring hymns composed not by Jews but Christians, Calvin preferring metrical translations of the Psalms; and this has since been the constant difference between the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches over the continent, though now in Germany and Holland the Calvinists have agreed to sing hymns.

Hymns and hymn tunes have their independent

\* This passage of Ordericus Vitalis is taken from Baron Maseres' *Historiæ Anglicanæ selecta Monumenta*, p. 281.

history as much as psalms and psalm tunes. Mr. Bunsen's greater "German Hymn Book" contains nearly 1000 hymns selected out of 150,000, of which about twenty belong to the Latin Church before the Reformation. For the use of his second (minor) edition, he has added the old Gregorian chants, for an alternate singing of the Psalms by hemistichs by the choir and congregation, and a collection of 300 hymn tunes. Luther had himself translated about twelve Ambrosian hymns in the same metre, and retaining the old tune—among others the *Creator Spiritus* of Charlemagne's time. All who remember Arnold's Life (i. 363), will remember the delight with which this selection was welcomed by him. We cannot give our readers a general idea of the subject in fewer words than in the following passage from Mr. Ernest Bunsen's preface to a selection of hymns in English with their church melodies, which he published two or three years ago for the benefit of the German Hospital in London.

"Hymnodic composition is based upon the old diatonic system of the original eight modes, wisely chosen for the Christian service by the Church of Milan, and then adopted by Rome, and through Rome by the whole Western Church. This system was at the time of the Reformation preserved and brought into congregational use with the power of genius, by Luther, and then developed and systematized by an illustrious class of first-rate composers, principally in Germany, but also in France and England. . . . The choral hymn has its own positive laws. It is not a popular air merely sobered down or restrained, it is a more elevated structure. . . . Its models are, in the first place, the compositions of the Western Church, from the fifth or sixth to the fifteenth century, altogether scarcely more than 150; in the second place, the German hymnodic airs from Luther and his friend Walther, in an unbroken chain down to our own age; the number exceeding 2000."

But an original hymn in the sight of the hotter Reformers of Geneva was man's work! and hymns, in order to become acceptable to them, had to put on the form of translated psalms. "Calvin" (says Florimont de Rémoud, in his "History of Heresy"), "*eut le soin de mettre les psaumes de Marot et de Beze entre les mains des plus excellents musiciens qui fussent lors en la chrétienté; entre autres de Goudimel, et d'un autre nommé Bourgeois pour les coucher en musique.*" This being the case, we have only to recollect who Palestrina was, and learn that Goudimel had been his master, to raise our wonder at Warton's rashness in discrediting his "History of English Poetry," with the following account of the metrical psalmody introduced by Calvin:—"Calvin, intent as he was to form a new church on a severe model, had yet too much sagacity to exclude every auxiliary to devotion. . . . Sensible that his chief resources were in the rabble of a republic, and availing himself of that natural propensity which prompts even vulgar minds to express their more animated feelings in rhyme and music, he conceived a mode of universal psalmody, not too refined for common capacities and fitted to please the populace. The rapid propagation of Calvin's religion, and his numerous proselytes, are a strong proof of his address in planning such a sort of service. France and Germany were instantly infatuated with the love of psalm-singing, which being admirably calculated to kindle and diffuse the flame of fanaticism, was peculiarly serviceable to the purposes of faction, and fre-

quently served as the trumpet to rebellion." . . . "Calvin's music was intended to correspond with the general parsimonious spirit of his worship; . . . the music he permitted was to be *without grace, elegance, or elevation.* These apt notes were about forty tunes, of one part only, and in one unisonous key."\*

What says Mr. Ernest Bunsen!—"Of the Reformed Church the psalm tunes composed by Goudimel and some of his school stand preëminent; but most of the metres to which they are adapted are complicated and peculiar to French poetry." How far they are written "without grace, elegance, or elevation," the compositions themselves, still extant, are the best evidence. It is equally clear that so far from being designed and calculated for the mere "rabble of a republic," they were studiously prepared for a musically educated people. Warton is also in error in saying that these tunes were written "in one part only;" those which Bourgeois composed were published in 1561, and those supplied by Goudimel, in 1565, all being composed in four parts. In 1608 appeared "*Les Pseaumes de David, mis en musique à quatre et cinq parties, par Claudin le jeune.*" This work was reprinted at Geneva, Leyden, and Amsterdam.

The growth and progress of congregational singing in the Protestant Churches on the Continent were straightforward; while its course in England was circuitous, and influenced by various and conflicting causes. The predilections of Queen Elizabeth, as head of the Church; the wishes and opinions of her chief advisers in all matters which concerned its government; the expectations and desires of the majority of her people, and their state of musical culture, all had to be taken into consideration. With regard to the first, there is no doubt that the queen desired to retain, in the ceremonies of the Church, as many of the externals of Popery as could be engrafted on a Protestant ritual. "Elizabeth," says Burnet, "had been bred up from her infancy with a hatred of the Papacy and a love to the Reformation; but yet, as her first impressions in her father's reign were in favor of such old rites as he had still retained, so in her own nature she loved state, and some magnificence in religion as well as in everything else."† More especially, her love of music led her to retain, as far as was practicable, the performance of choir music. "The musical service" [of the Church], says Heylyn, "was admired and cherished by the queen; for the Liturgy was officiated every day, both morning and evening, in the chapel, with the most excellent voices of men and children that could be got in all the kingdom, accompanied by the organ."‡ The choir of the chapel royal, including its twenty-four clerical members, then consisted of sixty-two voices. So much for the queen's personal choice and example in her own peculiar place of worship. The supremacy recognized in the crown would secure to the royal chapel and its form of service a similar authority to what the papal chapel had exercised before. Marbeck was one of its members in 1550, when he published his "Book of Common Praier, noted." He describes it, as containing "so much of the Common Praier, as is to be sung in churches;" and its adoption

\* Hist. of English Poetry, 8vo edit., vol. iii., pp. 448, 455.

† Hist. Reformation, Part II., p. 376.

‡ Ecclesiastical History, p. 296.

"on the whole, as the authentic choral book of the Church, so far as the alterations of the service permitted," it is considered by Mr. Dyce to be placed beyond any doubt. "It would complete an *autophonium* for the reformed liturgy."

On the other hand, Elizabeth's choice of her religious advisers was dictated by the same acuteness, which in every other important exercise of sovereign power she habitually displayed. She consulted policy and prudence rather than personal preferences. Parker, Grindal, and Jewel were among the most eminent confessors and exiles of the preceding reign. Of Parker's sentiments concerning the introduction of metrical psalmody into the Church Service, we shall have occasion to speak immediately. Grindal and Jewel, recently members of the Reformed Church at Frankfurt, where congregational singing was considered as one of the distinguishing features of Protestantism, and whose dislike to the habits and ceremonies which Elizabeth sought to retain, was with considerable difficulty overcome, contended for a practice which every Reformed Church had agreed to adopt, of which Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Bucer, and Beza had been all equally the advocates, and which had become interwoven with the very frame and order of Protestant worship.

That a large proportion of the English people desired the introduction of metrical psalmody in particular into the Church Service, there can be no question. Elizabeth succeeded to the crown in November, 1558: a few months afterwards, Bishop Jewel, writing to his friend Peter Martyr, says—"A change now appeared among the people. Nothing promoted it more visibly than the inviting the people to sing psalms. That was begun in one church in London, and did quickly spread itself not only through the city, but in the neighboring places. Sometimes at Paul's Cross there will be 6000 people singing. This was very grievous to the Papists."\* With them, therefore, in that age psalm-singing and heresy were synonymous; but what an imposing spectacle! There can also be no doubt that the Cathedral Service was held in abhorrence by many persons within as well as without the pale of the Church. The Puritans, in their Confessions, p. 1571, say—"Concerning the singing of psalms, we allow of the people's joining with one voice in a plain tune, but not of tossing the psalms from one side to the other, with intermingling of organs."† What was the plain tune here intended by the Puritans? Probably, the new kind of plain song or metrical psalmody of the Genevan reformers; on the other hand, the "modest and distinct song" of Elizabeth's

Injunction, and the "plain song" of Heylyn, represented the more moderate innovations, as publicly agreed to by the Church of England, and will most likely have been some one of the ancient ecclesiastical melodies or intonations. These plain tunes were so called, in distinction from the figured music—*vibrata illam et operosam musicam*—which, in his *Reformatio legum*, Crammer had wished to proscribe, of which two popes (John XXII. and Pius V.) had also disapproved, and which was preserved only by the genius of Palestrina. Among the most prominent and powerful opponents of the Cathedral Service in the Establishment were the Queen's Professor at Oxford, the Margaret Professor at Cambridge, and Whyttingham, Dean of Durham. All the Protestant dissidents of the time favored congregational, in opposition to choir singing; and those ministers of the Church of England who, during the persecutions of Mary, had sought refuge abroad, were found, on this point, closely associated with the Nonconformists. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the majority of Elizabeth's Protestant subjects regarded her desire to keep up the Cathedral Service in its full splendor as an evidence of her leaning towards Popery, that many of them desired its entire abolition, and still more of them countenanced the substitution of that universal symbol and badge of Protestantism, congregational singing in one form or another.

But were the English people prepared to effect this change, and to substitute the singing of the congregation for that of the choir—were they, like their German, Swiss, and Flemish brethren, *singers*, not by ear, but from notes? The answer is, they were. At no period of English history was the cultivation of the vocal art so universal as in the reign of Elizabeth. We need not adduce the oft-quoted testimony of Morley; but the copious supply of madrigals during this period is a sufficient evidence of the musical attainments and the musical wants of the English people. Every person who had received any other kind of education, had also received a musical education, and was able to read notes as well as words. The compositions of Byrd, Gibbons, Wilbye, Bennett, Bateson, Morley, and their contemporaries, were everywhere sung: the choicest madrigals of Italy and Flanders were imported and translated; and thus musical knowledge and musical taste were diffused throughout England to an extent of which we have now no idea. Congregational singing could not have been planted in a more congenial soil.

The result of the above conflicting forces will be seen in the Forty-ninth of the queen's "Injunctions," 1559, which prescribes the mode in which music should be used in the Church. "For the encouragement and the continuance of the use of singing in the Church of England, it is enjoined, that is to say, that whereas in divers collegiate, and some other churches, heretofore there hath been livings appointed for the maintenance of men and children for singing in the Church, by means of which the laudable exercise of music hath been had in estimation and preserved in knowledge. The Queen's Majesty, neither meaning in any wise the decay of any endowment that might tend to the use and continuance of the said science, willeth and commandeth that no alteration be made in the disposition of such assignments as have been heretofore appointed to the use of singing in the Church, but that all such do remain; that there be a *modest and distinct song*, so used in all the common prayers

\* Strype observes from his diary, that in Sept. 1559, "began the new morning prayer at St. Antholin's, London, the bell beginning to ring at five, when a *psalm was sung after the Geneva fashion*; all the congregation—men, women, and boys—singing together." Again, March 3, 1560, "Grindal, the new bishop of London, preached at St. Paul's Cross, in his rochet and chimere (cymar), the mayor and aldermen present, and a great auditory. And after sermon a psalm was sung (which was the common practice of the Reformed Churches abroad), wherein the people also joined their voices." The congregational singing of Marot's psalms was equally popular in France. Dyer relates, in his *Life of Calvin*, 1557, that a crowd of from 5000 to 6000 persons, among whom were the King and Queen of Navarre, assembled every evening in the *Pré aux Clercs* for that purpose; nor would the Parliament of Paris interfere. Only fancy the Parisians congregating now to sing psalms in the *Champs Elysées*!

† Neal, *Hist. of the Puritans*, p. 290.



*of the Church as that the same may be plainly understood.* And yet, nevertheless, for the comforting of such as take delight in music, it be permitted that, either at morning or evening prayer, there be sung a hymn, or such like song, to the praise of Almighty God, in the best melody and music that may be conveniently devised." "According to which order," says Heylyn, "as plain song was retained in most parish churches, so in the Queen's own chapels, and in the quire of all Cathedrals, and some Colleges, the hymns were sung after a more melodious manner, commonly with organs." It may be argued, and indeed has been, that these passages contain no specific and distinct sanction for congregational singing; and concerning the other more apparent novelty of the Reformation or psalm singing, Elizabeth's Injunction, it has been also argued, contains neither direction nor permission for the use of any metrical version of the Psalter. But, on the point of express authority, it would be as hard to find there, or elsewhere, any sanction, since the Reformation, for the antiphonal chanting of the Psalms. Heylyn's account of the course taken with the Marot and Beza of the Church of England, is as follows:—"About this time (1552) the Psalms of David did first begin to be composed in English metre by Thomas Sternhold; who, translating no more than thirty-seven, left both example and encouragement to John Hopkins to dispatch the rest; which, notwithstanding being first allowed for private devotion, they were, by little and little, brought into the use of the Church; permitted, rather than allowed, to be sung; afterwards printed and bound up with the Common Prayer Book, and, at last, added by the stationers at the end of the Bible."

Now this was precisely the sort of sanction which it accorded with Elizabeth's prepossessions and feelings to give—and no other. Her very title to the crown rested on her renunciation of Papal authority. But if policy inclined, nay compelled her to take the side of Protestantism, her inclinations were often in favor of Popish usages. Of toleration, or the rights of conscience, she had as little care or understanding as any sovereign of her age. She reluctantly banished the crucifix and the altar from parish churches; they lingered, however, in her own chapel for many years after their public disuse, to the great grief and scandal of her Protestant subjects, who rightly contended that an altar could only consist with the notion of a sacrifice of Christ in the Mass. In her wish to retain the various dresses worn by the Romish priests in the celebration of the various offices of their religion, she in part succeeded; and from her desire to enforce celibacy on the clergy she kept the law in a state, which enabled her, while under the roof of Archbishop Parker, to insult his wife. If, from policy, therefore, Elizabeth was allied to Protestantism, she had few Protestant feelings or sympathies—while to Puritanism, and to Nonconformity of every kind and class, she cherished an inveterate aversion. Hence it was not likely that, in terms, she should recognize, still less sanction, what had been made a characteristic badge of Calvinistic worship, the use of metrical psalmody, or even the general substitution of congregational for choir singing. All that could be expected was that sort of compromise which the injunction concerning the use of music in churches virtually contained.

But if we look to the practical effect of this injunction, we shall find that it was precisely such as

would have ensued from a distinct approval of the use of metrical psalmody. The version of Sternhold and Hopkins was printed by the queen's printer, and bound up and circulated with the Bible and the Prayer Book, while the tunes were furnished by the organist and choirmen of her own chapel. When the Prayer Book was completed, A. D. 1559, to the celebrated Thomas Tallis was assigned the charge of giving musical expression to all those portions of the Liturgy which were to be sung in cathedrals and collegiate churches. We are not left here to conjecture; we have the entire Service which Tallis wrote, and as he wrote it. The directions "priest" and "choir," "decani" (the side of the dean) and "cantoris" (the side of the precentor), occur throughout. It is a composition, from its very structure, designed for an antiphonal choir, and incapable of being sung by a congregation. Heard to this day with unabated delight, it is unnecessary to say how admirably this task was accomplished; but in connexion with the present subject it must be especially remarked that Tallis was also one of the earliest contributors to our metrical psalmody, being then, as he had been from the reign of Henry VIII., a member of the Chapel Royal. The English Cathedral Service, or singing by a choir—and English Congregational singing, with the use of metrical psalmody—came, therefore, not from different and opposite sources, but from the same. Many psalm-tunes have a pedigree not much inferior to any other portion of sacred music.

A metrical version of the Psalms by Sternhold, Hopkins, and Whyttingham had been printed before Elizabeth's accession to the throne. But three years after that time there appeared "The whole Psalmes, in Foure Parties, which may be sung to all Musical Instrumentes; set forth for the Increase of Vertue, and abolishing of other wayne and trifling Ballads. Imprinted at London, by John Daye. Cum Gratia et Privilegio Regiæ Majestatis per Septennium."\* One of the contributors to this work was Tallis. In 1567 Archbishop Parker published the first translation by one and the same person of the entire Psalter into English metre. It was printed at London by John Daye, with the royal privilege, and appended to it are eight psalm-tunes, sufficing in metre and in character, as was supposed, for every individual Psalm. This version of the Psalms deserves especial notice, not only from its extreme rarity (the copy to which we have had access is in the library of Corp. Christ. Coll., Cambridge), but because it was published by the highest dignitary of the Church—the music being supplied by the most eminent composer of the time, who was also the head or chief of the queen's choir in her chapel. Warton's notice of it is in the following terms, and more errors were never before or since crowded into the same space: "Some of our musical antiquaries have justly conjectured that the Archbishop intended these psalms, which are adapted to complicated tunes of four parts, probably constructed by himself, and here given in score, for the use of cathedrals, at a time when compositions in counterpoint were uncommon in the Church, and when that part of our choir service called the Motet or Anthem, which admits of a more artful display of

\* The only known perfect copy of this, the earliest collection of Psalm tunes published in England, is in the library of Dr. Rimbault, to whose labors English musicians are largely indebted as the editor of several of the valuable works printed by the Musical Antiquarian Society.

harmony (and which is recommended in Queen Elizabeth's earliest ecclesiastical Injunctions) was yet almost unknown, or in a very imperfect state."\*

The conjecture is without a shadow of authority or probability, the tunes being adapted for congregational, not choir singing. They are not "complicated," but simple. They are not "constructed by himself" (Parker), but by Tallis, whose name is affixed to them. They are not "in score," but in four separate and distinct parts, according to the custom of the time. "Compositions in counterpoint" were so far from being "uncommon" then, that no other were in existence. There is no part of the choir service called the "Motet;" and the anthem was not distinguished for, nor did it admit, "a more artful display of harmony," than the regular morning or evening service. In fact, canons of the most artful kind occur frequently in the Services of our great composers (see those of Purcell, Gibbons, Croft, and Blow), but in Anthems very rarely. That the Anthem was very far from being "unknown" we have sufficient evidence in the few compositions of this kind and age which have fortunately survived. So little is Warton to be trusted when he has to speak of music.

How general was the practice of congregational singing of psalms at this time may be surmised from the following enumeration of the works adapted for this purpose:—

In 1579, John Daye published "The Psalmes of David in English meter, with Notes of Four Parts, &c." In 1585, "Musike of Six and Five Parts, made upon the common Tunes used in singing the Psalmes, by John Cosyn." In 1591, "The former Booke of the Musike of Mr. William Damon, late one of her Majestie's Musitions, containing all the Tunes of David's Psalmes, as they are ordinarily sung in the Church, most excellently by him composed into Four Parts." In 1592, "The whole Booke of Psalmes, with their wonted Tunes as they are sung in Churches, composed into Four Parts; all which are so placed that Four may sing each one a severall Part in this Booke. Compiled by sundry Authors, who have so laboured herein, that the Unskilful may, with small Practice, attaine to sing that Part which is fittest for their Voice." This compilation numbers among its contributors Dowland, Farmer, Kirby, Allison, Blackes, Hooper, Cobbold, and Cavendish, all of them otherwise known as men of eminence in this age of England's musical greatness. These various collections of psalm tunes, all of which were published in at least four parts, were exactly adapted to the wants as well as the musical attainments of the age. Whatever was done was well done, and the talents of the best composers were enlisted, in order to give value and currency to each several publication. There cannot be stronger evidence of the different state of musical culture in England then and now, than is afforded by comparing these collections of psalm tunes with those which are the most popular at present. At present, Rippon's has probably the largest permanent sale, notwithstanding (perhaps we ought to say, because) it abounds the most in trash. Yet, the collections we have enumerated went through several editions in their time. Daye's volume having been reprinted by the University of Cambridge, this was regarded as an infringement of his patent, and the heads of the

colleges petitioned Lord Burghley, their Chancellor (July 16, 1591; *Strype's Annals*), to protect them from any proceedings consequent upon their alleged piracy.

In 1621 Thomas Ravenscroft published "The whole Booke of Psalmes, &c., composed into Four Parts, by sundry Authors, to such severall Tunes as have been and usually are sung in England, Scotland, Germany, Italy, France, and the Netherlands." But when Ravenscroft published this collection, the decline of musical knowledge and musical taste had commenced. A Stuart had succeeded to the throne, and from every one of that wretched family, the English musician experienced at best neglect and indifference—oftener opprobrium, injustice, and proscription. The art and practice of part-singing fell off so rapidly that the number of madrigals which, year after year, had enriched the age of Elizabeth, soon ceased after the accession of James I. Ten years sufficed to put an entire and final period to the labors of the twenty-two musicians who had united, in 1602, to celebrate the praises of their queen in the "Triumphs of Oriana." Ravenscroft's volume is, nevertheless, a valuable addition to the previous collections of psalm tunes. Availing himself of the labors of his predecessors, he added to them his own, as well as those of Morley, Bennett, Ward, Tomkins, Peirson, and John Milton, the poet's father. Up to this time, therefore, it is established that psalm-singing was no rude and barbarous noise, but a part of public worship, supplied, in well-constructed harmony, by the best musicians of England's proudest musical era, for a musically-educated people. Every existing publication bears testimony to this fact.

In 1637 George Sandys, the traveller, published his metrical version of the Psalms, for which Henry Lawes wrote twenty tunes in two parts; and in 1648 Lawes published thirty short anthems in three parts, written by himself and his brother William, to portions of Sandys' version. In the latter publication (now very rare) is found for the first time, Milton's sonnet "to his Friend, Henry Lawes," composed but three years before. During the time of the Commonwealth, the musical part of public worship is thus noticed in the Directory which was prepared by the Assembly of Divines at Westminster:—"It is the duty of Christians to praise God publicly by the singing of psalms, together in the congregation and also privately in the family. In singing of psalms the voice is to be tunably ordered, but the chief care must be to sing with understanding, making melody unto the Lord with the heart as with the voice."

After the Restoration, the music of the parochial service partook of the general corruption of the age. Charles silenced the organ of his chapel, and supplied its place by a band of French fiddlers, while he thrust all English musicians from his presence\* with insult and contumely—Purcell, Humphries, and Blow among the rest. The state of music in the service of the parish church is thus described by John Playford, in the preface to his "Psalms and Hymns in solemn Music of Four Parts on the common Tunes to the Psalms in Metre; 1671":—"For many years this part of divine service was skilfully and devoutly performed; and it is still continued in our churches, but not with that reverence and estimation as

\* Hist. of English Poetry, vol. iii. (edit. 1840), p. 161.

\* See the Diaries of Pepys and Evelyn.

formerly. The tunes formerly used to the psalms are, for excellency of form, solemn ayre, and suitableness to the matter of the psalms, not inferior to any tunes used in foreign churches; but at this day the best and almost all the choice tunes are out of use in our churches. Nor must we expect it otherwise, when in and about this great city, in above one hundred parishes, but few parish clerks are to be found that have either ear or understanding to set one of those tunes as it ought to be, whereby this part of God's service hath been so ridiculously performed in most places that it is brought into scorn and derision." Another corruption of parochial psalmody ensued—though not necessarily—upon the introduction of organs, which now began to be built in some of the larger parish churches. Every tune was introduced by a long prelude, and every line of the psalm severed from the next by an interlude, generally of four bars. Some of these impertinent addenda are in existence, and they might seem to be constructed on purpose to render this part of the service as ridiculous as Playford represents it.

The next collection of psalm tunes which it is proper to notice, immediately followed the publication of Tait and Brady's version of the Psalms. To this collection, which appeared in 1704, Purcell, Jer. Clark, Dr. Blow, and Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Croft, were contributors; from that time to the present valuable additions to our stock of metrical psalmody have been very rare. It is true, the number of published collections has been endless, but they have been, generally, either incorrect or vulgarized reprints of old tunes, or more incorrect and vulgar new ones. Few musicians of eminence have cared to concern themselves with a branch of their art so degraded and profitless; no well-directed effort has been made to regain for the music of the parish church its true character and former excellence; and that part of the service which might be rendered impressive and delightful, is now a universal nuisance.

The rapid review of the origin, intent, and use of music, as applied in this country to the service of the Church, will show that the two modes of its employment, once severally indicative of Popery and Protestantism, were both of them adopted, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, into the service of the Reformed Church of England; that choir singing was supposed to be confined to cathedrals, collegiate churches and some collegiate chapels having assignments with that object, while congregational singing was introduced on system, though by degrees, into parochial churches; that the two modes of thus employing sacred music were, in point of time, contemporary; that the music for the parish church as well as that for the cathedral were both supplied, for the most part, by the same composers, these being chiefly servants of the sovereign, and daily engaged in the chapel royal; that the most eminent of our musicians long continued not only to produce services and anthems for cathedrals, but psalm tunes for parish churches; and that the subsequent decay of parochial psalmody has been gradual, ending in the substitution of a single voice or a parish choir for the singing of the congregation, and a generally debased style of parochial psalmody, as well as in the perversion and loss of its true character.

The wretched state of music in our parish churches is undisputed; and exhortations without number have issued from the pulpit and the press

calling for its amendment. But vague exhortations are of little avail. We must have a definite view of the object to be sought as well as of the best means of attaining it, before we are in a condition to enter upon the work. We must see our way clearly, if we would tread firmly or even safely. We must accurately discern and understand the use and design of the two modes in which music was intended to aid public devotion, as well as the proper methods for their respective employment.

Music is the language of the cathedral; the entire liturgy is recited to musical tones, the responses are all made in correct harmony, the priest intones the Preces, and by prescribed sounds leads the choir from key to key; the psalms are chanted antiphonally, and the *Te Deum*, *Jubilate*, and the greater hymns of the Church (sung to the music of some eminent composer) always require the assistance of two responsive, well-instructed, and well-balanced choirs. Every such composition, from the time of Tallis downward, has been constructed with a reference to this arrangement. The Cathedral Service is one perfect and beautiful whole, designed with admirable judgment, and worded out with consummate knowledge. It commences with the single voice of the priest, intoning the introductory sentence and the exhortation, while the voices of the two choirs combine in harmony on the "Amen." Presently, and before the ear is wearied, the reciting note is changed, the Preces are chanted to a varied succession of sounds, and the responses to a more varied harmony. The accompanied chant succeeds, the organ aiding, for the first time, the musical effect; choir replies to choir, "while the skillful organist plies his grave or fancied descant" as the words of the psalm suggest it. Then peals in the full-voiced *Gloria Patri*. This climax attained, the voice of music, for a space ceases—the first lesson is read, and there follows some noble *Te Deum* of Tallis, Farrant, or Gibbons. The second lesson succeeds, and the *Jubilate* of one of these choice composers is heard. The priest again intones the prayers, and at the appointed time "followeth the Anthem"—some admirable exposition of the musician's skill, feeling, and piety—the solemnity of Byrd, the majesty of Gibbons, the magic expression of Purcell, the deep and touching pathos of Clarke, the grandeur of Croft, or the grace of Battishill. The Cathedral Service, therefore, in itself is a perpetually increasing and extending development of the power of music as an aid to devotion, reaching at length the highest triumph of which the art is capable, and "bringing all heaven before the eyes." What avarice, ignorance, and indolence have degraded it to in actual performance at the present day, is another affair. No well-instructed musician, clerical or lay, has ever attempted any innovation in our cathedral music. Aldrich, Creyghton, and Tucker, of the former class, as well as Purcell, Croft, and Boyce, fit representatives of the latter, have set the seal of their approbation upon it. And this becoming admiration of the Cathedral Service has been displayed by a late able contributor to it in his works and in his words—"Let us have new cathedral music," says Dr. Crotch, "but no new style." Authority and experience, therefore, concur in assuring us that it cannot be touched without injury, and that all attempts to change its essential characteristics, whether by reading instead of chanting the service, by reducing the numbers of

the choirs, and thus excluding the finest compositions, by introducing fragments of the light and operatic music of the Romish Church—or, on the other hand, by endeavoring to transplant detached portions of it into the service of the parish church—are equally unauthorized, unseemly, and improper. Innovations and abuses of the former kind have usually resulted from rapacity and dishonesty; those of the latter class are commonly the offspring of ignorance, conceit, and folly.

The musical annals of a parish have seldom been encouraging. The minister of a parish church in some populous town, wholly ignorant of the history, intent, and character of church music, as well as of the art itself, as boldly as blindly assumes the character of a musical reformer. He gets up a choir; directs them to endeavor to chant a certain portion of the service, just what and as much as he pleases—sometimes they are told to essay the singing of an anthem—anything, in short, which shall tend to render the “performance,” as he thinks and hopes, striking. Another clergyman, perhaps in the adjoining church, desires to surpass the musical efforts of his neighbor, whose choir has been directed to restrict their chanting (as it is called) to the Psalms. This more ambitious divine ordains that the responses also shall be chanted, although himself unable to chant the *Preces*; he commands also the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* to be sung. Here, perhaps, the members of his choir encounter a difficulty, the choral services of Gibbons, Croft, Aldrich, or Child, not being on a level with their vocal attainments—possibly not suited to his own taste. At any rate, it seems a chaotic sort of affair in their hands. Our reformers know not why, but so it is. They want something more pretty, more modern, more attractive. And there is no difficulty in obtaining it; for music of this kind is always to be had in any quantity and at any price. Thus is the sublime and perfect Service of the Cathedral made a thing of shreds and patches, debased in character, and ridiculous in execution, the road to real improvement forsaken, and the true design and purpose of parochial music left utterly aside.

It is sometimes attempted to justify this jumble of cathedral and parochial music, by certain directions which occur in the Book of Common Prayer—such as “to be said or sung,” and “in quires and places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem.” Had the framers of our Liturgy contemplated the use which is now sought to be made of these expressions, they would probably have given their directions with greater explicitness; but, in order to understand their import aright, we must revert to the other injunctions respecting the use of music in the Church, and especially to the distinction marked out and subsisting between the music of the cathedral and that of the parish church. The import of the latter direction is that “In quires and places where the quire sing, here followeth the Anthem.” In parish churches there was no “quire;” and, therefore, in such cases the direction is inapplicable. A “quire” meant not a row of singers, good or bad, here to-day and gone to-morrow; but the minor canons and lay clerks of a cathedral, a fixed and defined number of voices permanently engaged and daily occupied in the performance of its service. To cathedrals, collegiate churches and chapels, therefore, was the direction intended to apply. So, “to be said or sung” meant in the absence of

a choir, “to be said;” or where a “quire,” properly so called, existed, then “to be sung.” We have heard of a clergyman who, adhering to the *ipsissima verba*, used to sing his portion of the Athanasian Creed to the tune of a hunting song; and in case this lax interpretation be allowed, he must stand acquitted of having violated the direction, however much he might have sinned against decency and propriety. That the singing of anthems in parish churches was never contemplated by the framers of our Liturgy, is further confirmed by the fact of their having always been accompanied by the organ, an instrument then only found where a “quire” existed. Parish churches had no organs. So recent, by comparison, has been their introduction to parish churches, that in the county of Norfolk, which contains eight hundred parishes, fifty years since there were only six organs, including that of Norwich Cathedral. It is this novel interpretation of the liturgical direction, which has led to the production and performance of those compounds of vulgarity, imbecility, and absurdity, mis-called Anthems, such as at present form the pride and delight of country choirs.

So far has this heedless spirit of innovation been carried, that in not a few parish churches it has been attempted to introduce what is called “congregational chanting;” a practice of which the absurdity has been properly exposed by Dr. Jebb:—“The musical tone being the main feature of the Cathedral Service, it remains to consider the form in which it is developed—the Cathedral Chant. Now this is *essentially* antiphonal. This character is presumed through the entire Prayer Book, and enters into the combinations, however diversified, of every chant and service, and of most anthems. If this principle be recognized, it will be apparent what injury it must suffer by the modern and inconsistent practice of a partial adoption of the chant. For such a practice there is no authority; while on every other ground it is utterly indefensible. If every dean or parish priest shall assume a license to disturb and distrust the form of the Church Service, what hope is there that a regard for any other obligation will be observed? Much has been said of what is called ‘congregational chanting,’ a phrase which could only have originated in ignorance of the subject, historically as well as musically regarded. If such a practice were attempted, our musicians need give themselves no further trouble about harmony, which had better be suppressed altogether. Melody too should be abandoned; in short, all pretence at choral service it would be advisable to give up. Nothing is so difficult as to chant well—nothing is more beautiful than the service thus performed—nothing more ludicrous than the attempt of a congregation to scramble through it.”\* Were the knowledge acquired it would still take a generation or more to get our devotional thoughts and habits into the new channel.

The only effectual means of improving the musical portion of the parochial service will be found in a recurrence to the principle on which it was based, and to the practice which was in accordance with that principle. It may be said that this would demand a state of musical culture similar to that which existed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and doubtless, in order to attain its full and due

\* Jebb's Choral Service of the Church of England.



effect, a more general knowledge of the vocal art must be diffused. But, in case we can credit newspaper accounts of certain periodical exhibitions at Exeter and St. Martin's Halls, this must have been, in no small degree, already attained. If the effect of the "system" about which so much has been said and written, is not visible, or rather audible, in our places of worship, where are we to look for it? Making every allowance for partial exaggeration, we may surely assume that the power of reading from notes has been considerably extended within the last ten years, and that our means of really improving the music of the parish church are progressively increasing.

It should be the especial care of the clergy to avail themselves of these means judiciously and effectively, to induce a love of this inspiring portion of public worship, and to encourage a general desire to aid in it. If it were possible to hear some of the fine psalm tunes of our old masters sung, as of yore, "in four parts," by two or three hundred assembled worshippers, little need be added in the way of exhortation and appeal. The effect on the ear, and still more on the heart, would be decisive. Such effects are realized in Protestant Germany; and why not in Protestant England?

Meantime, the aid of the clergy, to be useful, must be given in the right direction, and guided by some knowledge of the subject. But not one clergyman in a thousand thinks it desirable to add to his other acquirements at a university any knowledge of music; although Cambridge and Oxford ought to be eminently the schools of sound musical education. Each university has its musical professor, whose duty it is, and whose practice it formerly was, to give such instruction as the future clergyman will most want. Even Cromwell took care that Dr. Wilson, the Oxford professor of music, regularly gave his music lecture.\* This spring of knowledge, if not dried up, is at least disused; though Oxford and Cambridge have still their choirs, indeed scanty and incompetent when compared with their former numbers and attainments; and they have still their musical libraries, unrivalled in England. The machine is in existence; let its rust be rubbed off, and let it be once more set to work; what it once did, it can do again. But until our clergy have acquired the requisite knowledge, let them refrain from any attempt at innovation. They may be sure that the musical service of the Church was not appointed and divided by chance, but was the result of sound knowledge and mature judgment; and that the parties by whom alone it can be successfully broken in upon and reformed, must know what they are about as well as those did who formed the system first.

We have already mentioned that the Reformed Churches of Germany and Holland have of late exchanged metrical psalms for hymns. In case we should ever propose following their example, we must give our people better hymns and—what is equally important—better schoolmasters, competent to teach their scholars how to sing them. The subject is important at present, both in a religious

and political point of view. The semi-Romanists among us must be prevented from depriving the congregation of one of the best and most living elements of the national worship, and from reducing the congregation, even in our parochial churches, by means of anthems and intonations, to the condition of simple assistants, as far as singing is concerned, of a sort of mass in English. When hymns and hymn tunes are provided, it will be still indispensable that the people should be taught. Here everything depends on the schoolmaster. Can men brought up at St. Mark's, and similar institutions of the National Society, be relied on for this purpose? Can an almost exclusive training in sacerdotal performances, invented and used to exclude congregational singing, as a Protestant nuisance, be a good preparation for it? Next, supposing bishops, deans, and chapters not to be wanting in good will, do they understand enough of music to bear their part in this reform?

The publications which stand at the head of this article indicate an increased attention to the history and character of English psalmody, and they also illustrate its state at their different periods. The first, a reprint in score of Est's extremely rare and valuable collection, has been issued by a Society, whose exertions have rescued from impending destruction so many interesting and valuable compositions of the Elizabethan age. The second is a reprint of Ravenscroft's collection (of which the original edition is not less rare than that of Est), by a clergyman whose knowledge of music has been sufficiently evidenced in his various contributions to the cathedral as well as the parochial service. The third presents a more extended and diversified epitome of psalmody in different countries, and through successive epochs; comprising some of the best psalm tunes of the English school, from the time of Tallis to the present day, chorals of Bach and other eminent German musicians, and those also of the Genevan and other foreign Protestant Churches.

"BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND."—It is not generally known that this beautiful melody was composed by Mrs. Jordan. I have now before me an original printed copy with the following title:

"The Blue Bell of Scotland, a Favorite Ballad, as composed and sung by Mrs. Jordan, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Printed for Rd. Birchall, at his Musical Circulating Library, 140 New Bond Street."

It has no date, but from other sources I find that it may be correctly assigned to the year 1801. The words, which are very nonsensical, relate to the Marquis of Huntly's departure for Holland with the British forces under the command of the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie in 1799. In *The New Whim of the Night, or the Town and Country Songster for 1801*, London, C. Sheppard, occurs, p. 74, "Blue Bell of Scotland, sung by Mrs. Jordan," and, p. 75, a parody upon it called "Blue Bell of Tothill Fields," whose hero is a convict "gone to Botany Bay." Ritson, in his *North Country Chorister*, 1803, p. 12, prints a version entitled "The New Highland Lad," with this note:

"This song has been lately introduced upon the stage by Mrs. Jordan, who knew neither the words nor the tune!"

What can we think now of Ritson's criticism?—*Notes and Queries*.

The conceited man knows himself, but it is only a "bowing acquaintance."

\* Passed over by Warton, in his partial account of the Oxford Music School during the Commonwealth. See the note upon Henry Lawes, prefixed to Comus, in Warton's edition of Milton's minor poems (p. 132). Where Calvinists or Republicans are concerned, Warton was too prejudiced to be just or accurate.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## A DAY IN A FRENCH CRIMINAL COURT.

BY MISS PARDOE.

As I chanced, in the autumn of last year, to be residing in a town in the north of France during the assizes, I became a regular reader of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, in the hope of comprehending, thanks to this professional study, the daily and hourly reports which were made to me of the proceedings of the melancholy tribunal which had, by the influx of visitors that it occasioned, rendered the ordinarily quiet streets of our gray old city a scene of movement and bustle wholly foreign to their usual aspect. My purpose, however, singularly failed. With my thoroughly English notions of a court of justice, and the solemnity of a trial on whose result frequently hinged the whole future welfare, and even the life, of a fellow-creature, I was unable to recognize as feasible the piquant anecdotes and startling discrepancies which afforded subject of conversation at our tea-table; while the broad and bold columns of the official journal afforded me no efficient assistance; for even these—although in point of fact I found the crime, the accusation, the defence, and the sentence, all duly recorded—to the more unprofessional reader formed by no means the most salient or engrossing portions of the report, wherein the compiler—like certain reviewers, who, in order to manufacture a “taking” article for their own pages, are accustomed to pass over unnoticed the more important and solid portions of a work, and to fasten upon its entertaining passages, in order to lighten at once their own labors and those of their subscribers—the compiler (as I was about to say, when I indulged in the above interminable parenthesis) had apparently occupied himself rather in weaving a species of legal romance, than in simply stating the broad facts composing the framework of the moral tragedy upon which he was engaged. To me it appeared strange, even with all the love of dramatic effect natural to our Gallian neighbors, that they should be enabled to deduce a social novel from every trial of any importance which came before their courts; and so greatly did this wonder increase upon me, that, after considerable hesitation, I resolved to judge for myself in how far these extraordinary reports were worthy of credence. To do this effectually it was of course necessary to witness the passage of some great criminal through the awful ordeal of human justice—to brace my nerves, and to resolve to watch, with all the philosophy I could command, the fearful wrestling of foul guilt or outraged innocence with the stupendous power of legal talent and of legal ingenuity. No petty crime could enable me to do this; for in France, as I was well aware, trials for minor offences are conducted with a haste and brevity proportioned to their insignificance; and I accordingly awaited with considerable trepidation the announcement of one of those more fearful accusations which involve the penalty of death. Unhappily, this was not long in coming; and I was, ere the close of the session, informed that a young peasant woman, from an adjoining hamlet, was about to take her trial for the twofold crime of murder and arson; and at the same time assured that no doubt whatever, from the evidence of the *procès-verbal* (or preliminary examination), existed of her guilt; while, at the same time, it was a great relief to

me to ascertain that her intended victim still survived.

The approaches of the Palais de Justice were almost choked by the anxious multitude who were struggling to effect an entrance, as, led by a professional friend, I made my way by a private staircase to the seat which had been reserved for me. The aspect of the court was solemn and imposing. Immediately before me was a dais, raised two steps above the floor of the hall, in the centre of which, behind a long table covered with black serge, stood the chairs of the president (or judge) and his two assistants, over whose heads extended, from the lofty roof to the summit of their seats, a colossal painting of our Saviour upon the cross. On the left hand, an enclosed space was appropriated to the *procureur-général de la République* (or attorney-general), beyond which stretched, to the extremity of the platform, the jury-box. On the right hand, a second enclosure (or *loge*) formed the place allotted for the *greffier* (or registrar), while a tier of seats, corresponding with those occupied by the jury, were destined to accommodate the counsel for the defence; and, in cases of political delinquency, the accused themselves, and their friends. These seats bear the name of the Benches of the Accused; but behind them rises a third, beside which opens a small door, and which is distinguished by the frightful appellation of the Bench of Infamy. In minor trials, this elevated seat is occupied only by two gendarmes, who, after having escorted their prisoners to the entrance of the court, and delivered them into the keeping of the proper officers, afterwards introduce themselves by the small door already alluded to; but, in all cases involving life or the galleys, they seat themselves on either side the culprit, over whose every movement they keep a scrupulous watch.

To complete the picture, it is only necessary to add, that in the centre of the platform, facing the president, and consequently with its back to the audience, was placed a large arm-chair, raised one step from the floor, and appropriated to the witnesses; while four ranges of enclosed benches formed the reserved seats, and shut in the dais, being themselves separated from the main body of the court by a stout wooden partition, breast-high, behind which all ingress is free, and is accomplished through a separate door.

At the appointed hour a bell rang, and the officers of the court entered and took their seats. The president wore a black cloak, lined and edged with scarlet, and a high cap of black cloth, with a scarlet sash about his waist. The *procureur de la République* was also robed in black, edged with white fur, with a blue sash, and two rows of broad silver lace upon his cap; while the counsel for the prisoner—a young and eloquent man, who had volunteered to undertake her defence—wore a gown of black silk, and differed little in his appearance from a student at one of our own universities.

After some examination of papers, and an exhibition of that by-play among the officials which appears to be the usual preliminary of all legal investigations, a second bell rang out. The twenty individuals composing the jury were called and sworn; and they had no sooner entered the box, than the president adjusted his spectacles, and fell back in his seat. The small door—that which has been the door of doom to so many trembling and justice-fearing criminals, and which is doubtlessly still fated to afford ingress to scores

of others—opened as noiselessly as though it feared to drown the heart-throb of the wretched woman who stood upon its threshold, and, behind a stalwart gendarme, entered a female peasant, with her head bowed upon her bosom, followed in her turn by a second armed guardian.

It is not my purpose to excite a false sympathy, by describing the prisoner as one of those fair beings whose personal beauty is adapted to disarm justice by captivating the pity of its ministers; but I may, nevertheless, be permitted to remark that her appearance was singularly prepossessing, and that it was easy to decide, at the first glance, that, under other circumstances, she could not have failed to attract notice. She was young; and, although her features were now swollen from incessant weeping, and her complexion almost purple from emotion, the luxuriance of her pale-brown hair, the long lashes by which her eyes were shaded, the extreme neatness of her dress, and the remarkable, although somewhat redundant, symmetry of her figure, could not be passed over without remark. As she dropped upon the bench, in obedience to the gesture of one of her guardians, her head fell heavily upon her bosom, and she covered her face with her handkerchief, which was already steeped with her tears.

There was a momentary hush throughout the crowded court, interrupted only by the rustling of papers, or the occasional heavy sob of the prisoner; and then the voice of the president broke coldly and harshly upon the silence.

"Accused, stand up."

He was obeyed; but still the burning cheeks were hidden by the friendly handkerchief.

"Remove your hand from your face—hold up your head—and answer me."

The hand was withdrawn—the head raised, but only for a moment—and then the interrogatory was resumed.

"What is your name?"

"Rosalie Marie ——"

"Your age?"

"Twenty-four years."

"Your calling?"

"Wife of Baptiste —— a farmer; I assisted him in his farm."

"An able assistant!" remarked the procureur sarcastically to the president, who replied by a quiet smile.

"Are you aware of the crime of which you are accused?"

The answer was a violent passion of tears.

"Sit down," said the cold voice. "Greffier, read the accusation."

This formidable document, based on the *procès-verbal* drawn up on the spot by the mayor of the village, amid the dying embers of the fire, set forth that Rosalie, having been hired as a general servant by the proprietors of a small farm, the joint property of an aged man and his sister, had engaged the affections of her master's son, who, finding that he could not induce her to return his passion upon easier terms, had ultimately married her, to the extreme annoyance of his family, and especially of his maiden aunt, whose pride was wounded by what she considered as a degrading union. At the period of the fire, Rosalie was the mother of a child of four years old, and was looking forward to the birth of a second; but discomfort and dissension had already supervened between the young couple. The father of Baptiste, indeed, had become reconciled to his daughter-in-law; but

such was far from being the case with his sister, who lost no opportunity of exciting the anger of her nephew against his wife, whenever the latter failed to obey her behests; while, as it was proved by several witnesses, Rosalie became at length so much irritated by the ceaseless severity of which she was the object, and so indignant at the taunts uttered against her previous poverty, that she had been more than once heard to declare that she wished the farm burnt to the ground, and her husband reduced to the rank of a common laborer; and that she would gladly fire it herself, in order to be delivered from the life of wretchedness to which she was then condemned. More than one witness, stated the accusation, would swear to this fact, which at once pointed suspicion towards the prisoner; when, several months previous to the present trial, on a calm evening, between seven and eight o'clock, long after the farm servants had quitted the premises, a fire broke out in a barn adjacent to the dwelling-house occupied by the family, which, after consuming the out-buildings and several stacks of unthreshed grain and beans, had been with difficulty extinguished by the energetic labor of the villagers.

Among other evidence tendered to the mayor during this examination was that of the maiden aunt, who, to her unqualified accusation of the prisoner as the sole author of the catastrophe, superadded the information that Rosalie had, only a week or two previously, attempted to murder her husband, by mixing a quantity of white powder in some soup, which had been kept warm for his supper upon the ashes of the hearth, and which had produced violent vomitings, after he had partaken of it about half an hour.

As the monotonous accents of the greffier fell upon her ear, the unhappy woman sat with her hands forcibly clasped together, and her flushed face and eager eyes turned steadily towards him; but he no sooner ceased reading, than she started convulsively from her seat, and, leaning forward eagerly towards the bench, exclaimed, "I am innocent, M. le President; I am innocent!"

"Peace!" thundered out the frowning official; and then, as the wretched prisoner sank back between her guards, and once more endeavored to conceal herself, he extended his arm towards her, and, with outstretched finger, directed the attention of the court to the quailing form of the accused, amid a silence so deep that it could almost be heard, and which he ultimately terminated by these extraordinary words:—"You see that woman, gentlemen of the jury, who has just so vehemently declared her innocence; and now I, in my turn, tell you that I entertain no doubt of her guilt; and that I, moreover, believe her to be capable of anything."

Be it remembered that this declaration on the part of the presiding officer of the court—of the man who sat beneath the awful effigy of a crucified Saviour—and to whom had been delegated the supreme duty of administering even-handed justice alike to the accused and to society, did not even await the evidence of the witnesses whose revelations were to decide a question of life and death—but that he volunteered this frightful assertion before any distinct proof of the guilt of the prisoner had been adduced; nor should the fact be overlooked that the jury, which was composed of small farmers and petty tradesmen, regarded with awe and reverence the solemn and stately personage who had arrived from the capital expressly to preside over

the tribunal of their remote province, and that they were consequently prepared to consider his opinion as infallible.

I watched the countenances of those who were nearest to me, and I at once perceived that the cruel words of the president had not failed in their effect; nor was it, indeed, possible that such a declaration, pronounced, moreover, with an emphasis which appeared to ensure the perfect conviction of the speaker, could do otherwise than impress every one who heard it; and it was amid the sensation produced by this startling incident that the first witness was called and sworn.

This witness was the aunt; and, if my preconceived notions of a criminal trial had already been shaken, I became still more bewildered and surprised as the proceedings progressed. Instead, as is the case in our own courts of law, of rejecting all merely hearsay evidence, the old woman was urged, alternately by the president and the procureur, to detail all the reports consequent upon the fire; and to repeat what Jean-Marie So-and-so had said relatively to the prisoner to Dominique, or Joseph, or Jules; while the bitter volubility of the vindictive witness, whose occasional glances of hatred towards the accused sufficiently testified to the feeling by which she was actuated, ably seconded their efforts; and throughout a whole half-hour she poured forth, in the most guttural *patois*, a tide of village gossip and scandal, all of which tended to cast suspicion upon the prisoner. Two leading facts were, however, elicited from her evidence, which threw considerable doubt upon her statements. The farm at which the fire had occurred was the joint property of her brother and herself; and she had been careful to insure her own portion of the estate against the very calamity which had taken place; nor had she failed, within twenty-four hours of the event, to claim the amount due to her, after having solemnly sworn that she believed the fire to have been purely accidental. She, moreover, admitted, that she had not accused the prisoner of the crime of arson until the money had been paid over to her; while the cross-questioning of the prisoner's counsel soon enabled him to prove that, subsequently to her having done so, on being informed that should her step-niece be found guilty of arson, she would be called upon to refund her insurance money, she had endeavored to recall her accusation, and to persuade her neighbors that they had misunderstood her meaning. It was, however, too late; her extreme loquacity had rung an alarm throughout the village—the ignorant are always greedy of the marvellous—and her disclaimers were universally disregarded. All the inhabitants of the hamlet at once decided that Rosalie was the incendiary; and, with a pertinacity which almost drove the aunt to desperation, quoted her own declarations as evidence of the fact. Thus taken in her own toils, the heartless old woman, instead of acknowledging that she had no authority for the rumors which she had spread, but had been instigated to this act of cruel injustice by her hatred and jealousy of her step-niece, vehemently declared that, since such was the case, if she were compelled to refund the money, she would at least have the life of the prisoner as some compensation for the loss.

When accused by the counsel of having made use of this threat, her denial was faint and sullen, and finally terminated by the fiendish remark,

that, if she had ever said so, she was prepared to abide by it; that she maintained the guilt of the prisoner; and that they should do better, even if they lost the money, so that they were rid of her nephew's wife along with it.

As these malignant words passed her lips a low murmur filled the court, and the president ordered her to stand down. Half-a-dozen other witnesses were then successively called on the same side, and in every case were asked whether they were relatives, friends, or lovers of the prisoner! To which question two sturdy young peasants answered bitterly, "No, thank God!" and in both instances it was elicited by her counsel that they were discarded suitors, who had, since her marriage, caused frequent misunderstandings between herself and her husband.

Still, hour after hour, the tide of words flowed on, and no one *proof* of guilt had been brought against the prisoner. At intervals, some leading question, well calculated to cause her to criminate herself, was abruptly put by the president, and at each denial she was desired to remember that she had confessed as much during her previous examination; but, agitated as she was, she still retained sufficient self-possession to refute the assertion, declaring that she never could have accused herself of a crime of which she was innocent.

As the next name was called, and one of the ushers of the court was about to introduce a new witness, a faint scream burst from the lips of the prisoner, which was succeeded by a violent fit of weeping; and I grew sick at heart lest she was at last to find herself in contact with an accuser whose charge she could not refute. A slight confusion at the extremity of the hall, a low murmur, and the dragging of heavy steps along the floor, at that moment diverted my attention from the wretched woman; and I saw slowly approaching the witness chair, an infirm and aged man, supported by two of the subordinate officers of the court. As he was led forward, he looked helplessly from side to side, as if bewildered by the novelty of the scene about him; and, after having been assisted up the steps of the dais, he dropped into the chair to which he was conducted, nor did he attempt to rise when told by the president to stand up while he took the customary oath.

"Stand up," repeated the usher; but the old man continued motionless.

"He can't hear," shouted the harsh voice of his sister from the extremity of the court; "he's been deaf this many a year; you must shout into his ear." The usher acted upon this suggestion; but the poor old man only shook his gray head, and laughed.

"Does he know why he is here?" asked the president impatiently.

"Not he," replied the same voluntary spokeswoman; "we did n't tell him, or he would n't have come."

"Can he be made to understand the nature of an oath?"

"May-be yes, may-be no; he's childish like; but you can try him."

"This is trifling with the court!" exclaimed the president angrily; "and cruel to this poor old man. Who is he?"

"Her husband's father, my brother; the father-in-law that she tried to burn out," responded the woman.

"Silence!" shouted the president. "Usher,



remove this man from the court, and see that he is taken care of until he can be conveyed to his home."

He was obeyed; the old man was with difficulty induced to leave his seat, and many a tear followed him as he disappeared. It was a most painful spectacle, nor was it the only one which we were destined to witness; for, before the examination was resumed, an individual approached the bench, and whispered a few words to the president, who, with an irritated gesture, impatiently replied, "Well, if it must be so; but we are losing time."

The messenger made a sign, and he had no sooner done so than a woman appeared at a side door, carrying an infant in her arms, with which she approached the prisoner, who eagerly leant forward to receive it. The child sprang with a joyful cry of recognition into the embrace of its wretched mother, who for a moment strained it convulsively to her bosom; but when she endeavored to give it the nourishment which it required, the infant flung itself violently back, terrified by the feverish contact, and could not be induced again to approach her. Never shall I forget the agony depicted upon the countenance of the unhappy prisoner; her tears seemed to have been suddenly dried up; and, rising from her seat, she gave back the struggling infant into the arms of its nurse without a word. Had she been the veriest criminal on earth, she was an object of intense pity at that moment!

The proceedings were once more resumed. Other witnesses for the prosecution followed, but the evidence was still vague and inconclusive; and at length the procureur rose to address the court. His speech was eloquent and emphatic; but, although he cleverly availed himself of every opportunity of bringing the guilt of both charges home to the prisoner, he was rather startling than convincing in his arguments. He repeatedly called upon her to deny the truth of his conclusions, but he gave her no opportunity of doing so; he hurled at her the most bitter invectives, applied to her the most opprobrious epithets, and defied her to summon a single witness to prove her innocence, or to save her from an ignominious death; and, finally, he reproached her with her ingratitude to a family by whose generosity she had been raised from poverty to comfort; reminded her of the disgrace which she had brought, not only upon the wretched old man of eighty-six years of age, who had been made through her means a public spectacle, but also upon the helpless children to whom she had given birth, and especially upon the innocent and ill-fated infant who had first seen the light through the iron bars of a prison.

It was a frightful piece of elocution; never for an instant did he appear to remember that the wretched prisoner might yet, despite appearances, have been wrongfully accused, and have been a victim rather than a criminal. There was no leaning to the side of mercy, no relenting, no gleam of light thrown upon the darkness of the picture; and it was evident that the miserable woman felt she was lost long before his terrible words ceased to vibrate in her ears. For a time she had sat motionless, gazing upon him with a wild stare of affrighted wonder; but as he rapidly heaped circumstance upon circumstance, recapitulated the gossip of the villagers, and deduced from the most apparently unimportant facts the most condemnatory conclusions, she gradually sank lower and lower upon her seat, until she appeared

no longer able to sustain herself; and, when a deep and thrilling silence succeeded to the speech of the public accuser, her choking sobs were distinctly audible.

The procureur was right; the witnesses for the defence were unable to prove her innocence of the crime imputed to her; but they one and all bore evidence to the irreproachability of her character; to her piety, her industry, her neighborly helpfulness, and her charity, both of word and deed. They showed, moreover, that she had borne with patience and submission the tyranny of her husband's aunt, the violence of that husband himself, and that she had been to her father-in-law a devoted and affectionate daughter.

"But," said the procureur to one of her panegyrists, "if the accused were indeed the admirable person whom you describe, how do you account for her having made so many enemies, and for the general belief in her guilt prevalent throughout the village?"

"Ha, monsieur!" replied the brave young peasant; as he turned a hasty and sympathizing glance towards the prisoner; "hate grows faster than love, and lasts longer. Before the neighbors dreamt of Rosalie's good luck—or, rather, bad luck, as it has since turned out, poor woman!—there was many a lad in the village that hoped to make her his wife; but she listened to none of them, and they can't forgive her for having married above them."

"And you, not having been of the number, can afford to say a good word for her. Is that what we are to understand?" asked the procureur, sarcastically.

"No, monsieur," was the sturdy reply; "but I loved her too well to bear malice."

A gleam of light at last! But, alas! too faint to penetrate the gloom of her prison cell.

"Stand down," said the president; and the heroic young man obeyed. And this *was* heroism; for he had boldly avowed his affection for one who had appeared to be abandoned by every other human being—her adopted father had abandoned her in the unconsciousness of second childhood—her infant, in the terror of hopelessness—her friends, from the dread of shame—she stood alone, until that humble but upright man braved the world's withering scorn, and dared the contemptuous laughter of his fellows to silence one throb of her bursting heart.

The last witness had been heard, and the counsel rose for the defence. He no doubt felt that he had undertaken not only a difficult, but an onerous task, for at the commencement of his speech he was visibly agitated; he perpetually repeated himself; and, instead of plunging boldly into the heart of his subject, and at once grappling with the charges brought against his client, he dwelt upon her youth, on the agony of mind and body which she had undergone for so many months, and on the misery which she must have endured when she gave birth to her last infant in disgrace and tears. Suddenly, however, he rallied; and declared, with an energy as startling as it was unexpected, that, although the sufferings which he had enumerated were of themselves almost a sufficient punishment for the crimes of which she was accused, he had no intention of asking an acquittal upon such grounds.

"No, gentlemen of the jury," he exclaimed, vehemently, "we seek no such subterfuge—we desire no impunity which does not restore our

honor. We have already endured enough, more than enough; we care not to remain a mark for the finger of scorn and of suspicion; we must leave this court not only free, but justified. I maintain, gentlemen of the jury, that we have a right to demand this; and I have no fear but that you will feel as I do. What has been proved against the accused? I will tell you in a few words. It has been proved that she was pretty and good—so pretty and so good, that half the young peasants of the village sought to win her affections; that she was industrious, obliging, and modest; and that so preëminently, that, although poor and humble, the daughter of a daily laborer, and a menial in the family of a richer neighbor, she was chosen by the son of her master for a wife. I will even recall to your minds the fact that he would have won her more lightly, and that it was only when he became convinced of the uselessness of his illicit addresses, that he came forward loyally and generously to offer her his hand—for this circumstance tends to prove her worth—ay, and that hand was given despite the reproaches and opposition of his relatives, who, in their ignorance of the just value of qualities like hers, believed their kinsman, the heir of a few acres of land and a few thousands of hoarded francs, to be degrading himself by such an alliance. You have heard that the marriage was an unhappy one, and it has been inferred that my client was the cause of this unhappiness; but I will merely ask you to reflect upon what you have seen and heard this day, ere you credit the assertion. The prisoner is accused of having attempted the life of her husband by poison. Where was the husband—the intended victim—when his would-be murderess was arraigned for the offence? Where was he? I will tell you, gentlemen; so securely hidden away, that even the emissaries of his vindictive aunt could not trace him out, and drag him hither to appear against a traduced and injured wife. What was the poison? You must allow me to fall back upon the evidence, and to add to it a most material fact. The accusation sets forth that Rosalie, assisted by her aunt, prepared a pan of cabbage-soup for the dinner and supper of the family, and that of this soup they all partook at noon; it was then set aside till evening, when it was once more placed upon the fire; and at five o'clock, Baptiste being still absent at the wine-shop, the prisoner and her female relative again ate of the soup; and, the embers of the fire being still warm, the pan was carefully surrounded by hot ashes, to await his return. More than once the lid of the pan was raised to stir the contents, lest they should adhere to the bottom of the vessel; and this precaution was taken by the aunt herself, who never moved from the chimney-corner from the termination of her own supper to the return of her nephew, who, according to his usual habit, was far from sober, and who, after partaking of the soup, was attacked by violent sickness. On the following morning, the aunt—you have seen and heard her, gentlemen, and can consequently appreciate her character—showed the dregs of the soup, upon which there floated a species of white flaky film, with infinite mystery, to half-a-dozen chosen friends; after which, she herself flung out the residue of the soup before the door of the house, where pigs and poultry could alike devour it, and where it doubtlessly *was* devoured, without any detriment to either from the ashes, which, in the action of stirring the contents, she had herself,

beyond all doubt, introduced into the mixture. Why, if she indeed suspected poison, did she cleanse the vessel with her own hands? Why did she, whose god was mammon, incur the risk of poisoning the animals who might partake of it? Great stress was laid upon the fact of the vomiting by which her nephew was attacked after having eaten of this soup; but we have shown that he was a man of intemperate habits, who was subject to this malady; and our wonder should rather be excited by the fact, that he could, while full of wine, have swallowed a mess of this description, than that it should have produced, under the circumstances, the effect ascribed to it.

"Gentlemen of the jury, before God and society, is Rosalie — guilty of having attempted, in that soup, to poison her husband? We calmly await your decision. We now come to the second charge. On a certain evening the farm of Baptiste's father and aunt is fired; the two women are seated in the common room, or house, as the witnesses have universally described it, meaning thereby the single apartment not used as a sleeping-chamber; this room looks upon the farm-yard; the prisoner is near the window, occupied in repairing her husband's linen; the aunt, according to her habit, is dozing near the fire. Rosalie leaves the room for a few minutes, and shortly after her return remarks that she hears an extraordinary noise upon the premises; upon which she is told that she is a fool, and always full of absurd fancies; but, notwithstanding this rebuff, she again exclaims that she is sure something must be wrong, and that she smells an odor of burnt straw. The words are scarcely uttered, when a body of flame bursts from an adjacent barn; upon which the accused, uttering a loud scream, rushes to the bedside of her sleeping child, hurriedly wraps it in a blanket, and leaves the house at all speed.

"Was this extraordinary? Was this unnatural? Was this a proof of guilt? M. le Procureur has decided in the affirmative; but I boldly demur to his conclusion. The first impulse of the mother was to save her infant; and in this instance it must have been doubly powerful, since, disappointed in all her other affections, the child of her bosom was all in all to her. You have been told that she lent no assistance in extinguishing the fire, and, personally, I admit that she did not do so. It has been asserted, upon oath, that no one knew where she was hidden until the flames were extinguished; and yet it has been proved that, on leaving her home, she made her way, with her precious burden, to the cottage of her aged and widowed father, who hurried, at her entreaty, to the farm, while she remained alone in his hovel to watch over her infant. We would have produced that father to swear to the fact, gentlemen of the jury, but he has been summoned to a higher tribunal than ours; he was poor, but he was not too poor to feel—humble, but not too humble to be beyond the reach of shame; and the birth of his last grandchild in a prison—I cannot, I dare not dwell upon this subject, gentlemen of the jury—I am warned by the suffocating sobs behind me that my zeal is degenerating into cruelty; suffice it, then, that the unhappy old man is dead, and that thus one important witness has been lost to us.

"M. le Procureur expatiated largely also upon the expressions of bitter hopelessness, which were from time to time forced from the wrung heart of my unhappy client. She 'wished that the farm were burnt to the ground, and her husband reduced

to the rank of a common laborer,' and even declared, while smarting under the tyranny of her near relatives, that 'she would gladly fire it herself, to be relieved from the life of wretchedness to which she was condemned.' I am not about to justify these expressions; I am ready to admit that they were alike unguarded and unseemly; but, gentlemen of the jury, remember the provocation! Is there one of us who has never rashly uttered a word that he would gladly recall! Do we, men of education, of station, and eager for the applause of the world, do we always measure our sentences, and weigh our phrases in a moment of passion! Do not let us lie to our own souls.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I have done. What the prosecution could not prove we cannot disprove; but we can appeal to our God—we can appeal to the judgment of all honest men—and we can appeal to your decision. This we do boldly; this we do fearlessly; we are in your hands, and we are safe. You will restore a wife to her husband—a mother to her children—an outcast to her home. You will do this, for you have sworn to defend the right; and that right can only be maintained by our acquittal."

A low murmur of applause, which was, however, instantly checked, was heard throughout the court; and silence was no sooner restored, than the procureur once more rose. He dissected with great forensic eloquence the address of the counsel, and alluded with keen and even indelicate sarcasm to the youth and good looks of the prisoner, which had, as he asserted, stood her in stead of innocence. He commented upon the want of experience of her advocate, who had, as he declared, sacrificed his judgment to his enthusiasm; and where he should have convinced, had only dazzled his hearers. He even appealed to the prisoner herself whether, had an acquittal been possible, she could have desired it, when, as she must be well aware, it could but entail upon her an existence of obloquy and suspicion; and, finally, he called upon the jury to deliver society from a woman, whose after career, should she leave that court absolved, might be readily prophesied from its antecedents.

I confess that as I eagerly watched the countenances of the jury, I entertained little hope for the wretched woman, who sat with clasped hands and bent head, utterly motionless, as though she also were counting the brief moments of her forfeited existence; until, as the jury were preparing to retire, one of her guards laid his hand upon her shoulder, and whispered a few words in her ear, upon which she passively rose, and disappeared with the two gendarmes through the narrow door by which she had entered. Thence, as I was informed, she was conducted to a cell, where, alone and in darkness, all prisoners await the verdict about to be pronounced upon them; a fearful ordeal to those upon whose guilt or innocence the arbiters of their fate were tardy in deciding.

And while she was thus abandoned to all the agonies of suspense, the court itself became a scene of bustle and excitement. The president, the procureur, and half a dozen of their friends, had retired to the apartments of the former to partake of refreshments; and they had no sooner withdrawn, than a group of some twenty or thirty privileged individuals gathered together on the platform, some of whom were busied in devouring *bon-bons*, and exchanging jokes which elicited hearty, although suppressed laughter; while others drew the daily papers from their pockets, and were soon

absorbed in politics, totally forgetful of the wretched woman whose fate was even then under discussion in the jury-room.

To myself this appeared the most painful feature of the trial; the careless mirth and heartless indifference to the agonies of a fellow-creature, so recklessly exhibited at such a moment, revolted me; but, happily, the suffering was brief. Ten minutes only had elapsed when the bell once more sounded, every one resumed his seat, and the officials returned to their places, closely followed by the jury. When order had been restored, the president, in a tone of more solemnity than he had hitherto used, asked the supreme question:

"Gentlemen of the jury, is the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?"

The jury rose, and the foreman steadily replied, "Not guilty, M. le Président."

The effect of the verdict was electrical. It appeared as though, like myself, nine-tenths of the auditory had believed that there existed no hope for the accused; and while a joyous whisper arose on all sides, I remarked that the procureur, who had so earnestly striven to secure the condemnation of the prisoner, turned a congratulatory smile upon her advocate, whose anxiety had rendered him as pale as marble; but this circumstance was soon forgotten in what followed.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the president, "it is my duty to compliment you upon your verdict; you have ably and honorably fulfilled the trust reposed in you. There can be no doubt, in any honest mind, that you have come to a true and just decision. At the commencement of my legal career, when I was yet a mere youth, the interests of my employer compelled me to reside, during several weeks, in the hamlet of which the accused was a native. I have never forgotten—I never shall forget—what I witnessed in that obscure village. It is enough for me to assure you that throughout the whole of my after-experience, I was never forced into contact with so utterly worthless a set of individuals; jealousy, slander, and falsehood were the ailments upon which they appeared to exist; and it was more than sufficient that the accused, whose reputation you have restored by a most righteous verdict, was pure and modest; and that, by the united charms of her person and her character, she had raised herself from a low station to one of comparative affluence, for every mouth to be opened against her. Gentlemen of the jury, once more I say, that I congratulate you; and that I believe the accused to be as innocent of the crimes imputed to her as either you or I."

I could scarcely trust my senses as I listened, and remembered that this very man, only a few hours previously, had branded the prisoner as a wretch so sunk in vice as to be "capable of anything;" but I could detect no similar surprise on any countenance about me. It did not appear to strike his listeners that he had, at the commencement of the trial, cruelly exceeded his privilege, and even forsworn his own conscience. There was no murmur of indignation, no evidence of disgust; but, on the contrary, an approving smile beamed on him from every side, as if in recompense of his tardy frankness.

I was still lost in wonder, when his voice again sounded through the hall—

"Bring in the prisoner."

In another moment she once more occupied her frightful station; and then the greffier announced

to her, in the same monotonous tone as that in which he had read her accusation, the verdict by which she stood acquitted.

In an instant the purple flush faded from her cheeks, and she became as white as a corpse. She swept her hand across her forehead, gave one long stare about her, and then, with a shriek, which rang through the court rather like the cry of a wild animal than the utterance of human lips, she

made a spring towards the door, nearly oversetting the gendarmes by whom it was guarded, and disappeared.

All was over. The officials collected their papers; the counsel threw off their gowns; the crowd dispersed; and I regained my home, fervently thanking God that it was not thus that justice was administered in my own happy country.

ENGLISH AUTHORS IN OFFICE.—Mr. Disraeli has hereditary pretensions to lead the literary interest in the Lower House, and I do not think there could be any "opposition" to his claim of being the first novelist at present in the House of Commons. The only other M. P. whom I can find avowedly contributing to the fiction interest, is Mr. Grantley Berkeley, whose novel of "Berkeley Castle," and its consequences, might furnish a chapter to "Curiosities of Literature." Lord J. Russell, as author of "Don Carlos," is the only dramatist in the Lower House, and he ranks also among essayists, biographers, and historians, by his various publications. Lord Mahon and Colonel Mure are at the head of the historical and critical M. P.'s; and I perceive the names of Mr. Macgregor, Mr. Torrens M'Cullagh, and Sir John Walsh, as authors of historical writings. Under the head of poets, I observe Lords Maidstone and John Manners, and Mr. Monkton Miles. The "travellers" are more numerously represented in the Lower House of Parliament than most other departments of literature; amongst them are—Lords Jocelyn and Naas, Mr. Emmerson Tennent, Mr. Urquhart and Mr. Whiteside; and I think that Sir George Staunton and Mr. George Thompson may be classed with the travellers. In the department of "political philosophy" I find Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Molesworth, Mr. W. J. Fox, and Colonel Thompson, Mr. Cornwall Lewis, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. George Smythe, and Mr. Mackinnon, appear among the general essayists. Mr. Walter, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Wakley may be ranked with the editorial interest; and I may add that Mr. Butt—the new M. P. for Harwich, besides being the reputed author of a three-volume novel, was for some years the editor of the Dublin *University Magazine*. The biographers are represented by Mr. Grattan, author of a five-volume work on his celebrated father. The pamphleteer department is represented by "legion," and I pass it by, with the remark that Lord Overstone in the Upper, and Mr. Cobden in the Lower House, are at its head by the importance of the publication. Turning to the Lords, the Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Thirlwall) is clearly at the head of the historians in that assembly—Lord Brougham of political philosophy and belles-lettres—and Lord Campbell of the biographers. The novelists are represented by Lords Normanby and Londesborough.

The "editorial interest" of the peers is of a different kind from that in the Lower House, and is represented by the Earl of Malmesbury, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Lords Holland and Braybrooke. Lord St. Leonard's work on "Powers" shows that he has other than an ex-officio right to be placed at the head of living English writers on law. The Duke of Argyll, by his treatise on the Church History of Scotland, has added to the literary works of the Campbells. The Marquis of Ormonde has published a richly illustrated narrative of a residence in Sicily. In physical sciences, the Earl of Rose, not merely as P. R. S., but by his accomplishments, distances all competition in either House. There is only one autobiographer in the Legislature—Lord Cloncurry. The acted drama, since the removal of Mr. Shiel, Sir T. N. Talfourd, and Sir Bulwer Lytton from the Lower House, has no other representative in the Legislature than the Earl of Glengall. Lord Strangford repre-

sents the poets of the peers, and of the belles-lettres interest in the Upper House, the Earls of Carlisle and Ellesmere are efficient supporters. In the interest of the fine arts we may rank "Athenian Aberdeen," and as a musical composer the Lords have Lord Westmoreland. A more original author neither House can boast of than the venerable writer of "The Wellington Dispatches." I have not by me, when I write, the means of ascertaining the number of the bench of bishops ranking with the literary interest; but foremost amongst them, besides the Bishop of St. David's (named *ante*), are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of London and Oxford. I may add that the number of peers is only about two-thirds that of the Lower House, but, on the other hand, the peers enjoy much more leisure.—*Athenæum*.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

#### THE ROOK SITS HIGH.

THE Rook sits high when the blast sweeps by,

Right pleased with his wild see-saw;  
And though hollow and bleak be the fierce wind's  
shriek,

It is mocked by his loud caw-caw.  
What careth he for the bloom-robed tree,  
Or the rose so sweet and fair?  
He loves not the sheen of the spring-time green,  
Any more than the branches bare.  
Oh, the merriest bird the woods e'er saw,  
Is the sable Rook with his loud caw-caw!

Winter may ding crystal chains on the wing  
Of the field-fare, hardy and strong;  
The snow-cloud may fall like a downy pall,  
Hushing each warbler's song;  
The starved gull may come from his ocean home,  
And the poor little robin lay dead;  
The curlew bold may shrink from the cold,  
And the house-dove droop his head;  
But the sable Rook still chatters away,  
Through the bitterest frost and the darkest day.

He builds not in bowers, 'mid perfume and flowers,  
But as far from the earth as he can;  
He "weathers the storm," he seeks for the worm,  
And craves not the mercy of man.  
Then a health to the bird whose music is heard  
When the ploughboy's whistle is still,  
To the pinions that rise, when the hail-shower flies,  
And the moor-cock broods under the hill;  
For the merriest fellow the woods e'er saw  
Is the sable Rook with his loud caw-caw!

We read in the page of the gray-haired sage,  
That Misfortune should ne'er bow us down,  
Yet if Care come nigh, the best of us sigh,  
And cower beneath his frown.  
But the Rook is content when the summer is sent,  
And as glad when its glories fade;  
Then fill, fill to the brim—here's a bumper to him  
Who sings on through the sun and the shade;  
For the wisest fellow the world e'er saw  
Is the sable Rook with his loud caw-caw!



From Household Words.

## HOUSEHOLD SCENERY.

Most people amuse themselves, at one time or other of their lives, by fancying what sort of house they would like to live in; what sort of house they would build for themselves, if they had opportunity for that very charming amusement. But the last thing that people seem to have any thought about is the walls of their rooms. Yet, what is there that we see so much of as the walls of the rooms we live in? Even those who have the blessing of a country residence—those even who dwell in one of the very few remaining parsonages in the north of England, where a spacious porch shelters the house-door from draughts and driving rains, and who resort to that porch, looking out upon a meadow or a flower-garden—even these have to sit between four walls for at least three-fourths of the year; and certainly always to sleep within them. It is all very well to revel in fine views from terrace or window; but it is well, also, to consider what our eyes shall rest upon in all times of sickness, of bad weather, and when the sun is below the horizon. It is a charming speculation to a man about to build a house for his own residence, to plan what it shall look like externally—how many rooms it shall have, and how they shall be most conveniently arranged; but the aspect of the four walls of each room is worth mature consideration too. In old times, people thought more of this matter than we do, if we may judge by the pains taken to decorate the interior of ancient buildings; and those who attend to the signs of civilization assure us that there will be a revival of such thought and pains—and very soon. Let us hope that this is true.

There could scarcely, at any former time, have been a greater variety in the walls of human abodes than there is now. High up in the north there are the Esquimaux, huddled together within a circular wall made of snow, built up in slabs, inclining inwards, so as to form a dome—a house of beehive shape. Our English feelings would be put to a severe trial in such a place. If the walls remain solid, it is only because the temperature is below freezing point. If we should begin to flatter ourselves with any notion of warm feet—of ceasing to ache and shiver with cold—at once the walls begin to steam and run down, and the wretched chill of thaw brings back despair. Much the same may be said of such palaces of ice as we read of in Russia. Translucent, glittering with a bluish starlight, there is still the terrible alternative of frost or thaw within doors; each alike excluding all hope of wholesome warmth. Much pleasanter to our feelings is the South Sea Island dwelling, where the walls are nothing more than poles of bamboo; through which the morning and evening breeze may blow freely. To be sure, if privacy is desired, something more is requisite; for such an edifice seems to be designed for a community of that kind of stupid people, of whom the Americans say that they "cannot see through a ladder." However broad may be the eaves, however prolonged the thatch of palm-leaves, the sun must peep into the abode when he is low in the sky; and there is no hour of the day in that climate when the sun is a welcome visitor within doors. To meet these cases, there are mattings made of grass, which may be hung up where wanted. These simple hangings have a grace and charm about them which no others, however gay and costly, can boast; they

are deliciously fragrant, especially when moistened. As the night dews descend, and when the breeze from the sea comes to shake these primitive curtains, a sweet scent charms the watcher, and spreads luxuriously through the dreams of the sleeper.

There are houses even now in civilized countries which let the stars be seen through their walls. We have ourselves been entertained in a dwelling where the drawing-room was full of couches, easy chairs, books, and musical instruments; where the dining-room was set out with an array of plate; but where, being wakeful in the night, we enjoyed the singular amusement of observing the stars passing over chinks in the walls, shining full into our eyes in the transit. How could this be? Why, the house was a log-house, on a plantation in a hot region. Perhaps from want of leisure, perhaps for the sake of coolness, the logs had been left rough, and the spaces between were not filled up with clay and moss, as is the practice further north. So the mosquitoes swarmed in and out, and hummed all night long; not to our annoyance, for we were safe within a "mosquito-bar," or muslin curtain, completely enveloping the bed; not to our annoyance, therefore, and we may hope to their own satisfaction, unless they were hungry, and tantalized by our inaccessible presence. Poets compare human eyes to stars. It struck us that we preferred those real stars, shining through the wall, to certain glittering human eyes which a lady once saw shining from her wall. As the story goes, this poor lady—destined to a terrible fright—was sitting alone before the fire, opposite a mirror which rested on the mantelpiece, and taking off her jewelled necklace and bracelets before retiring to rest, when she looked up accidentally and saw in the mirror—what must have made a tapestried room terrible to her as long as she lived—for it was in a room hung with tapestry that she was sitting. She saw shining eyes rolling in the head of one of the woven figures, a sight which we, safe from all ambush of the kind, can never think of without a quiver of sympathetic dread. She knew that a thief was watching her, and that there must be some accomplice in the house who had cut out the eyes of the figure to enable him to do so. She did not go into hysterics, nor do anything else that was not to the purpose. She took no notice, sat awhile longer without looking into the mirror;—no doubt with a deadly horror of being approached from behind. She unfastened some part of her dress, yawned, put on a natural appearance of sleepiness, lighted her chamber candle, locked her jewel case, and—the only suspicious proceeding—left it on the table, walked steadily towards the eyes, the door being in that direction, quickly took the key from the lock, left the room, locked the door on the outside, and quietly went to seek help which she could better trust than that of her own servants. Such is one of the horrible stories which belong to the days of tapestry hangings, those curtain-coverings for walls which are perhaps the most objectionable of all modes of decorating apartments.

This is downright heresy, no doubt, in the eyes of those who make the pursuit of tapestry an idolatry. Nobody doubts the vast amount of pains and care spent on tapestry as an art. Nobody doubts the skill which so directed the shuttle or the needle as that they rivalled the pencil and the brush in their delineations. In fact, no art could be despised which employed the talents of the

greatest painters; and while the cartoons of Raffaele are associated in our minds with tapestry hangings, it is impossible to speak with disrespect of such a representative of the art of a past century. But we may be glad that it belonged to a past century, and that the present has done with tapestry. It might be necessary, in the days of imperfect building, to keep out draughts. King Alfred might have been glad of it before he invented his lantern, and when his candles were flaring and wasting so as to baffle him in his measurement of time by their burning; but we, in our tight houses, whose walls have no chinks and cracks, may better hang our apartments with clean, and light, and wholesome paper, which harbors no vermin, screens no thieves, and scares no fever patient with night-visions of perplexity and horror.

It does not appear, however, that tapestry was invented to cover defects in the building of walls. From the little we know, it may rather be inferred that it was first used as a convenient imitation of the more ancient decoration of painted walls. The first tapestries which are seen fluttering amidst the shadows of remote history, were in the East, and of the same monstrous order of delineation with the Egyptian decorations, which so many travellers have described for a thousand years past. The Egyptians used to paint the scenes of their lives and deaths—their occupations, amusements, their funerals, and their mythology, upon the massive walls of their temples and tombs. There seems to be no doubt that the convenience of making these pictures movable gave rise to the manufacture of woven hangings. One striking instance of this is on record, in the case of the hangings of the Tabernacle which Moses caused to be made in the desert. The description of the animals wrought on that tapestry answers exactly to that of the walls of an Egyptian temple; and it is the opinion of learned men that the Greeks, as well as the Hebrews, thence derived their notions of fantastic composite creatures—griffins, centaurs, and the like, which certainly were wrought in tapestries for the Greeks by Oriental workmen. After a time, the Greeks substituted prettier objects in the centres of their hangings, and drew off all the monstrosities into the borders. In like manner, during the Middle Ages, when tapestries were gifts for kings to bestow and to receive, there was great beauty of design and infinite delicacy of execution in the finer tapestries, on which artists spent their best pains, and kings spent a vast amount of money.

We must not suppose that all hangings were like those that our Henry the Eighth fostered, or the French Henry the Fourth and Louis the Fourteenth. While the royal and the rich hung their palaces and their mansions with such fabrics as the Gobelin tapestry, the less wealthy were content with plain velvet, with worsted stuff, with anything that would hide their unsightly walls, and keep them warm in their ill-built houses. The best and the worst were alike a nuisance in a dwelling-house. They imbibed the smoke; they grew mouldy with damp; and, in hot weather, they gave out a worse plague (if there be a worse) than the mosquitoes of tropical countries. It appears to us, in our cleanly times, that our grandfathers knew nothing about this kind of delicacy. After the rushes on the floor (which were offensive with filth), came the tapestries, which were almost as bad; and, while this was the condition of

men's abodes, their persons were worthy of their dwellings—powder, pomatum, wigs, and other unnatural devices, rendering a pure state of the skin impossible.

It was a great day when a Frenchman bethought himself that, instead of hangings of wrought carpeting, or of velvet-flock, or stuff, a covering for walls might be made of figured paper—cheaper, lighter, cleaner—preferable in every way. It is said that this invention was made known in 1632, and that the first blocks used in making paper hangings are preserved in Paris. England followed so soon that there was some dispute as to which ought to have the credit of the invention, but it was doubtless due to France. James the First had lately given two thousand pounds—a large sum in those days—to encourage a manufacture of fine tapestry at Mortlake; but it was in a drawing-room of the Royal Palace at Kensington that the first specimen of English paper hanging was seen. If anybody is curious to know whether that paper was like any that we see now, we can tell nothing more than that it was an imitation of the "velvet-flock" then in common use.

The "flock" order of paper seems to be coming into fashion, more and more, after a long interval. Perhaps the truth is, that the reduction of the duty on paper hangings puts a higher class of papers within reach of a greater number of householders. Sir Robert Peel took off tenpence out of the shilling a yard duty on French paper hangings, which, before 1842, kept good decorations out of the reach of all but the wealthy. We remember the time—somewhere about 1818—when stencilling came into fashion, and was thought a great popular boon. Stencilling was done by splashing walls with color through the interstices of tin patterns. The result was, very coarse and untidy decoration of white-washed walls; the colors being bad, and the pattern never accurately made out for many consecutive feet of wall. But the work was so much cheaper than paper hangings, that people of small means were very glad of it; and, even in gentlemen's houses, the attics and servants' rooms were often thus colored. Now, we seldom hear of stencilling; for papers of a tolerable quality and really good pattern may be had for less than a penny a yard, so that the abodes of the humble present a very different appearance now from anything that could be seen even ten years ago. As for the taking off the duty, the story is the same that Free-traders are almost tired of telling about other articles. There were dismal prophecies that the French, who much excel us in the designs and preparations of paper hangings, would destroy the manufacture in England; and the wealthy did supply themselves—and perhaps do so still—almost exclusively from Paris; but, so much more extensively are paper hangings used, and so great is the improvement continually taking place through the emulation of the French by our manufacturers, that the manufacture is largely and steadily increasing. It only remains now to get the duty removed from the raw material, the paper, to give everybody a fair chance of a neat set of walls to his dwelling-rooms, decorated according to his means.

Perhaps there are no gayer walls to be seen anywhere—in our country at least—than those we saw yesterday, on the premises of Her Majesty's Paper-stainer for Scotland, Mr. Wm. McCrie. This gentleman's walls—even the rough walls in the yards and passages—are as good as a rainbow for colors. The boys empty their brushes on the

space next at hand, to save the trouble of washing them; and the result is a show which would make a little child—with its love of brilliant colors—scream for joy. There are things to be seen at Mr. McCrie's, which may please elderly people as much as rainbow hues can gratify a child. By means of studying there the process of paper-staining from beginning to end, glimpses are obtained into all classes of homes, from the queen's palace, and the student's library, and aristocratic club-houses, down to the humble abode of two or three rooms in town or country.

The paper used in this manufacture is made in Scotland, whence it is sent to England and Ireland, where more of the staining goes on than in Scotland. Mr. McCrie's establishment near Edinburgh, and one in Glasgow, are the only ones north of the Tweed. For ordinary patterns, the Scotch paper is about two feet wide. The French are narrower—a circumstance which should be remembered, when the cost of hangings is reckoned by the piece. Some of the granite papers for halls and staircases, and panel papers, are of greater and various width. The pieces, of twelve yards, are tied up in bundles of ten; so that a bundle contains one hundred and twenty yards. The first thing that is done with the contents of a bundle, when it is untied, is to fit it for receiving a pattern by covering it smoothly and evenly with a coat of Paris white, or tint, for the ground, made of sulphate of lime and water, with size, which forms in fact a cement, and sets the pattern. This Paris white arrives from Hull and Leith; the size is made on the premises, as the observer's nose informs him; and in the yard, he sees the bundles of buffalo skins from which it is made, and the caldron in which they are boiled. No part of the business is more serious than that of the preparation of the size—both for making the pattern on the paper, and for attaching the hanging to the wall. The size made in hot weather is never good; it runs, and the pattern is blotchy in places; and for this mischief there is no remedy. If the production must go on, without waiting for cooler weather, the patterns must suffer, and the sellers must have patience. A much more serious consideration for householders and decorators is, that none but the best size should be used for attaching the paper to the walls. Many a fever has been caused by the horrible nuisance of corrupt size used in paper-hanging in bedrooms. The nausea which the sleeper is aware of on waking in the morning, in such a case, should be a warning needing no repetition. Down should come the whole paper at any cost or inconvenience; for it is an evil which allows of no tampering. The careless decorator will say that time will set all right—that the smell will go off—that airing the room well in the day, and burning some pungent thing or other at night, in the mean time, will do very well. It will not do very well; for health, and even life, may be lost in the interval. It is not worth while to have one's stomach impaired for life, or one's nerves shattered, for the sake of the cost and trouble of papering a room, or a whole house, if necessary. The smell is not the grievance, but the token of the grievance. The grievance is animal putridity, with which we are shut up, when this smell is perceptible in our chambers. Down should come the paper; and the wall behind should be scraped clear of every particle of its last covering. It is astonishing that so lazy a practice as that of putting a new paper over an old one should exist to the extent it does. Now and

then an incident occurs which shows the effect of such absurd carelessness.

Not long ago, a handsome house in London became intolerable to a succession of residents, who could not endure a mysterious bad smell which pervaded it when shut up from the outer air. Consultations were held about drains, and all the particulars that could be thought of, and all in vain. At last, a clever young man, who examined the house from top to bottom, fixed his suspicions on a certain room, where he inserted a small slip of glass in the wall. It was presently covered, and that repeatedly, with a sort of putrid dew. The paper was torn down; and behind it was found a mass of old papers, an inch thick—stuck together with their layers of size, and exhibiting a spectacle which we will not sicken our readers by describing. A lesser evil, but still a vexatious one, may be mentioned here; that when there is not alum enough in the size, it will not hold. A family, sitting around a table, at dinner or at work, does not relish the incident of the entire papering of the room coming down at once, with a tearing, crashing sound, and a cloud of dust. Worse still is the trouble, when it is the pattern of the paper that is affected. A room was very prettily hung, not long ago, with a paper where a bright green trail of foliage was the most conspicuous part of the pattern. Day after day everything in the room was found covered with a green dust; and the pattern on the wall faded in proportion. The size had, in fact, been insufficient to fix the green powder, one ingredient of which, by the way, was arsenic. The decorator, being sent for, saw at once what was the matter, and, with expressions of shame and concern, pulled down the pretty paper, and put up another without charge.—While on the subject of the mistakes that may be made in paper-hanging, we may mention one for which the householder is answerable, and not the manufacturer or decorator. While we are well, we ought to remember that we, and those belonging to us, shall some time or other be ill; and it is just as well to arrange the sleeping-rooms of our houses so as to give every advantage to invalids, when the day of sickness comes. It is of no consequence to the healthful, perhaps, how their beds stand; but it may make the difference to a sick person, of fever or tranquillity, of sleep or no sleep, whether his bed stands, as it should do, north and south, or east and west; and whether the window is opposite the foot of the bed, or in some less annoying direction. In the same way we may never think of the pattern on the wall of our room, while we go to bed only to sleep and rise the moment we awake; but it is certain that delirium in fever cases has been precipitated, and that frightful visions, or teasing images, have been excited by fantastic patterns on chintz bed-curtains, or on the hangings of the walls. The paper for bed-rooms should be of a rather light color, and of a pattern as indefinite as can be had. For our part, we like nothing so well as a blank paper of some pleasant hue, with a dark border for a relief; but there are many papers now which do not present any of the everlasting forms and varieties of the square, the circle, and the diamond. A watered paper, or any trailing pattern is objectionable, because the eye of the invalid will trace human profiles in them. There are patterns in abundance which are pretty enough in a humble way—consisting of an aggregate of various small figures—so small and so various as to create nothing to the eye but a pleasantly-broken color.

Having delivered our conscience of this admonition, out of the doctoring and sick-nursing part of our experience, we may return to our paper-staining.

The laying on the Paris white is done by a machine. The wet whitening is thrown into a trough, where it is licked up by a cylinder, which daubs it on a cylindrical brush, which transfers it to another cylinder, under which the paper is drawn, receiving the plaster as it goes. A wide brush, like a fringe of soft bristles, is fixed before the last cylinder, and sweeps the paper as the long sheet passes on, distributing the coating evenly, and smoothing the surface. The paper, in lengths of twelve yards, is drawn out by little boys, who carry it over little heaps of sticks, lifting up a stick, and of course the wet paper with it, and hoisting both on a pole, so that the paper can be carried to the drying place without being touched by human hands. Two boys thus carry away a piece in four folds, which of course do not touch each other. The lads, with their poles, lay the sticks across horizontal poles at some height from the ground; and there, still untouched, hangs the paper to dry.

If a polished ground is wanted, the paper—duly prepared by a chemical process in the open air—is rubbed with a lump of French chalk; then, with a surface of felt or flannel, and finally with a polishing brush; and from this treatment it comes out with a burnish like satin. The paper, with a polished or a dead ground, is now ready to receive the pattern.

There are three ways of giving it a pattern—by a printing machine, by block printing, and by marbling by hand. It appears that one machine does the work of about four block printers; that two persons may prepare the paper for fifteen printing tables; and that fifty workmen can, by great diligence, turn out three thousand pieces (of twelve yards each) per week. They are paid by the piece—from twenty-pence to two shillings per score, and a workman can easily earn from thirty to thirty-five shillings per week. The business is carried on in large airy rooms, and although much activity and strength of eye, foot, and hand are required for joining the pattern, lifting the heavy block, and stamping it, there is no pernicious fatigue, or perilous liability of any kind. It is altogether a favorable and fortunate kind of employment for a good workman.

In one part of the premises abides the designer, educated now, generally speaking, at one of our schools of design. He watches the French; he watches the English; he watches nature; and draws ideas from all for his patterns. Star patterns are eternal in popular favor; and so are lobby patterns—granites and marbles; but beyond these, all is uncertainty. A new set of designs must be made every year; and if a pattern does not pay its cost the first year, it never will. It may not be utterly lost, but it will never be remunerative. In one of the lower rooms at Mr. McCrie's we trod upon wealth in a truly magnificent manner. The floor was laid with obsolete blocks; and thus we trampled on many hundred pounds' worth of property.

The blocks are a pretty sight, from the beginning, when the block-cutter traces his pattern from oil paper upon the wood, and taps his chisel, sending it down to a certain depth in the wood (pine), and then clears out the spaces, up to the funeral ceremony of laying these memorials of

departed fashions in the ground; that is, in the floor. Where little bits of the wood are broken away, they are supplied with brass or copper. The blocks for granite papers are stuck all over "with everything that will make a mark," as we are told; with odds and ends of copper and brass, and with common nail-heads. For the printing machine, the block is cylindrical, the process being just that of cylinder-printing of any kind. For the printing tables, the blocks are furnished with a strap at the back, to receive the workman's hand, and they are pressed down on the paper by a mallet driven by the workman's foot. Every time that he applies the block, he dips it on the surface of a stiff liquid, in a trough by his side—the liquid being either the color he wants to impress, or the oil which is to catch and retain the color to be afterwards shed over it. For the best sort of gilding, gold leaf is applied; for the commoner gilding, bronze powder; for flock papers, the flock which is brought from the wool districts. The flock is wool, dyed of various colors, and reduced to powder. If the size or oil on which it is deposited be good, the flock cannot be rubbed off, or removed by any means short of scratching. The array of crimson flock papers is really superb in our day. One never tires of gazing at them in an establishment like this, and fancying how each would look in one's own study or dining-room. Of all charming rooms in a middle class house, the most bewitching, perhaps, is a library lined almost throughout with books, with the spaces between papered with a rich crimson flock paper, and affording room between the book-cases, for a pedestal here and there, with a bust, or a good cast upon it, surmounted by a very few choice prints. The crimson makes a glorious ground for prints.

The workman has not always dismissed his piece when he has printed it from end to end. It may be a pattern of two colors, or of six, or even of twelve; and for each color a fresh block and a fresh process are required, each repetition of course reckoning as a new piece in regard to his wages. The workman who does his work wholly by hand, he who marbles papers for lobbies and stair-walls, has also to go over it several times. The yellow polished ground is supplied to him ready for his brush. He veins it with a camel hair brush, dipped in a dark color. One cannot but admire the decision with which he makes his strokes, and groups his veinings. We should stand hesitating which way to make our pencil wander, doubting whether we were making anything like marble; but the accustomed stainer wields his brush with as much purpose and decision as we do the pen, knowing as well where to go and wherefore. When he has thus veined a certain portion, he sprinkles, by jerking a brush, little drops of soap and turpentine, which make blotches, and give a marbled appearance to the whole surface. The colored streaks, being dilated, spread into a perfect resemblance of the veins of marble; and nothing remains but to daub some white blotches into the centres of the groups of streaks. Of all the imitation papers this appeared to us the most perfect. The granite was good, with its glittering "frosting," which frosting is done by scattering, very sparingly, particles of the thinnest possible glass from the glass-houses. The graining of oak papers is done by putting an iron comb in the place of the smoothing brush, when the paper receives its first coat.



Among the papers shown in the warehouse, where the completed goods are deposited, the most beautiful in our eyes was a broad panelled paper of white, watered with a panel border of roses. We looked in vain for the sort of hanging which we must think will be in demand ere long; a hanging which, being dark near the floor, becomes gradually lighter towards the ceiling. At present, decorators depend on a dark carpet and a light ceiling to give the effect indicated by decorative principle and required by a trained eye, some aid being given by a dark skirting board, and a cornice of light and bright colors; but there seems to be no reason why the hangings on the walls should not do their part, and there can be no doubt that a wide new range of design would be opened by following out this principle.

What we owe to the designers of good paper-hangings can hardly be estimated by those who have not travelled in countries which assume to be highly civilized, but have no time to get things done in the best manner. Even at home, and in good houses, one meets occasionally with a mistake in the choice of a pattern; a mistake which causes irritation and annoyance to the visitor, from hour to hour; as when a pattern, which is everything that could be wished in the single breadth, gives birth to an imperfect form when joined with the next breadth; a diamond, for instance, which turns out a little smaller on one side than the other, or a curve which is not freely carried out. But in some parts of the United States, among other places, where money is not spared in decorating dwellings, but workmen are scarce and ill-qualified, one sees extraordinary spectacles on the walls of good houses. We were once standing in perplexed contemplation of our chamber wall, when our hostess entered, and told us how vexed she had been about it. She had employed an emigrant paper-hanger, who had passed himself off as a first-rate workman. She gave him the papers, and left him to his work. In a wonderfully short time, he came to her, exulting; he had done the job—capitally—he would say that for himself; he had “made every crease show.” And so he had—with the most perverse ingenuity—by now spoiling the pattern, and now leaving a white thread of space between the breadths. There was no upholsterer’s store within many miles, and therefore no remedy. Our hostess was English, and annoyed accordingly. The Americans care less for such things, or do not even discover them, unless the blemish is very flagrant. We remember a curious instance of this difference between the American and English eye, which met our notice as far off as Lexington, in Kentucky. We were taken, of course, to the Senate Chamber at Lexington—merely our own party—to see the room. A picture over the president’s chair hanging awry, we naturally stepped upon a bench which stood below, and set it right with a touch; after which the party went home, to one of the best houses in the neighborhood, where a young Englishman of rank and a Mr. Clay were to join us at dinner. Our hostess and her guests fell into conversation about furnishing drawing-rooms, and attention was drawn to the paper of the handsome room we were sitting in. All admired it; but we observed on the oddity of the workman having put up two breadths, in different parts of the room, upside down. The hostess laughingly doubted it, had never heard of it, could not see it now; would ask the young Englishman, and see if anybody thought so but ourselves.

Presently came a Mr. Mont with Mr. Clay. Mr. Mont was asked to look round the room, and say if he saw any blemish anywhere. He glanced round, and pointed to the two breadths that were topsy-turvy, to the amusement of the good-humored hostess, who said the English eye was something past her comprehension. Upon this, Mr. Clay related that he had just been taking Mr. Mont to see the Senate Chamber, and that he had mounted a bench to set straight a map which he declared to be hung awry, though nobody else could see it. The laugh was now louder than ever; and then followed a discussion whether it was a privilege or a misfortune to be so particular as we English had proved ourselves. Perhaps we should suffer more from our particularity in a new country than the thing is worth; but we should be sorry to lay it aside at home.

The omnipresent gutta-serena is among the paper hangings already. It presents itself in the form of consolation to the owners of houses which are cursed with a damp wall or corner. As for a generally damp house, one has only to quit it, if one has ever been foolish enough to go into it. But there are many excellent houses with some faulty bit—some corner or projection which got wet in the building, and could never be got dry; and here comes in the gutta-serena paper most consolingly. The housewife may have rubbed, and warmed, and dried, with toil and pain, every summer; but in winter the stains come again, and, towards spring, the green moss. She may have battened that end or corner; but then, there was the uneasy thought that the damp and the moss were growing behind the screen. In case of damp from driving rains, in exposed situations, it may be true that there is nothing like a mantle of ivy, under whose leaves dry dust may be found at the end of the wettest winter. But, if the damp be incurred in the process of the building, the ivy is not the appropriate cure; and, besides, it takes some years to cover the end of a house. The gutta-serena paper confines the damp within the wall, at least, and compels it to evaporate externally, if at all. It thoroughly intercepts, if it cannot cure, a very great evil; and it will, no doubt, be in extensive use till all men are too sensible to have any damp corners in their houses at all.

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CHARACTER OF CHARLES LAMB.—It is not possible for the subtlest characteristic power, even when animated by the warmest personal regard, to give to those who never had the privilege of his companionship an idea of what Lamb was. There was an apparent contradiction in him, which seemed an inconsistency between thoughts closely associated, and which was in reality nothing but the contradiction of his genius and his fortune, fantastically exhibiting itself in different aspects, which close intimacy could alone appreciate. He would startle you with the finest perception of truth, separating by a phrase the real from a tissue of conventional falsehoods, and the next moment, by some whimsical invention, make you “doubt truth to be a liar.” He would touch the inmost pulse of profound affection, and then break off in some jest, which would seem profane “to ears polite,” but carry as profound a meaning to those who had the right key as his most pathetic suggestions; and where he loved and doted most, he would vent the overflowing of his feelings in words that looked like rudeness.—*Talfourd’s Life and Letters of Lamb.*

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## THE MYSTERIES OF A FLOWER.

BY PROFESSOR R. HUNT.

FLOWERS have been called the stars of the earth ; and certainly, when we examine those beautiful creations, and discover them, analyzing the sunbeam, and sending back to the eye the full luxury of colored light, we must confess there is more real appropriateness in the term than even the poet who conceived the delicate thought imagined. Lavoisier beautifully said—"The fable of Prometheus is but the outshading of a philosophic truth—where there is light there is organization and life ; where light cannot penetrate, death forever holds his silent court." The flowers, and, indeed, those far inferior forms of organic vegetable life which never flower, are direct dependencies on the solar rays. Through every stage of existence they are excited by those subtle agencies which are gathered together in the sunbeam ; and to these influences we may trace all that beauty of development which prevails throughout the vegetable world. How few there are, of even those refined minds to whom flowers are more than a symmetric arrangement of petals harmoniously colored, who think of the secret agencies forever exciting the life which is within their cells, to produce the organized structure—who reflect on the deep, yet divine philosophy, which may be read in every leaf ;—those tongues in trees, which tell us of eternal goodness and order.

The hurry of the present age is not well suited to the contemplative mind ; yet, with all, there must be hours in which to fall back into the repose of quiet thought becomes a luxury. The nervous system is strung to endure only a given amount of excitement ; if its vibrations are quickened beyond this measure, the delicate harp-strings are broken, or they undulate in throbs. To every one the contemplation of natural phenomena will be found to induce that repose which gives vigor to the mind—as sleep restores the energies of a toil-exhausted body. And to show the advantages of such a study, and the interesting lessons which are to be learned in the fields of nature, is the purpose of the present essay.

The flower is regarded as the full development of vegetable growth ; and the consideration of its mysteries naturally involves a careful examination of the life of a plant, from the seed placed in the soil to its full maturity, whether it be as herb or tree.

For the perfect understanding of the physical conditions under which vegetable life is carried on, it is necessary to appreciate, in its fulness, the value of the term *growth*. It has been said that stones grow—that the formation of crystals was an analogous process to the formation of a leaf ; and this impression has appeared to be somewhat confirmed, by witnessing the variety of arborescent forms into which solidifying waters pass, when the external cold spreads it as ice over our window-panes. This is, however, a great error ; stones do not *grow*—there is no analogy even between the formation of a crystal and the growth of a leaf. All inorganic masses increase in size only by the accretion of particles, layer upon layer, without any chemical change taking place as an essentiality. The sun may shine for ages upon a stone without quickening it into life, changing its constitution, or adding to its mass. Organic matter consists of arrangements of cells or sacs, and the increase in size is due to the absorption of gaseous matter, through the fine tissue of which they are composed. The gas—a compound of carbon and oxygen—is decomposed by the excitement induced by light ; and the solid matter thus obtained is employed in building a new cell—or producing actual growth, a true function of *life*, in all the processes of which matter is constantly undergoing chemical change.

The simplest developments of vegetable life are the

formation of *conferve* upon water, and of lichens upon the surface of the rock. In chemical constitution, these present no very remarkable differences from the cultivated flower which adorns our garden, or the tree which has risen in its pride amidst the changing seasons of many centuries. Each alike have derived their solid constituents from the atmosphere, and the chemical changes in all are equally dependent upon the powers which have their mysterious origin in the great centre of our planetary system.

Without dwelling upon the processes which take place in the lower forms of vegetable life, the purposes of this essay will be fully answered by taking an example from amongst the higher class of plants, and examining its conditions, from the germination of the seed to the full development of the flower—rich in form, color, and odor.

In the seed-cell we find, by minute examination, the embryo of the future plant carefully preserved in its envelope of starch and gluten. The investigations which have been carried on upon the vitality of seeds appear to prove that, under favorable conditions, this life-germ may be maintained for centuries. Grains of wheat, which had been found in the hands of an Egyptian mummy, germinated and grew ; these grains were produced, in all probability, more than three thousand years since ; they had been placed, at her burial, in the hands of a priestess of Isis, and in the deep repose of the Egyptian catacomb were preserved to tell us, in the eighteenth century, the story of that wheat which Joseph sold to his brethren.

The process of germination is essentially a chemical one. The seed is placed in the soil, excluded from the light, supplied with a due quantity of moisture, and maintained at a certain temperature, which must be above that at which water freezes ; air must have free access to the seed, which, if placed so deep in the soil as to prevent the permeation of the atmosphere, never germinates. Under favorable circumstances, the life-quickening processes begin ; the starch, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, is converted into sugar by the absorption of another equivalent of oxygen from the air ; and we have an evident proof of this change in the sweetness which most seeds acquire in the process, the most familiar example of which we have in the conversion of barley into malt. The sugar thus formed furnishes the food to the now living creation, which, in a short period, shoots its first leaves above the soil ; and these, which rising from their dark chamber are white, quickly become green under the operations of light.

In the process of germination a species of slow combustion takes place, and—as in the chemical processes of animal life and in those of active ignition—carbonic acid gas, composed of oxygen and charcoal, or carbon, is evolved. Thus, by a mystery which our science does not enable us to reach, the spark of life is kindled—life commences its work—the plant grows. The first conditions of vegetable growth are, therefore, singularly similar to those which are found to prevail in the animal economy. The leaf-bud is no sooner above the soil than a new set of conditions begin ; the plant takes carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and having, in virtue of its vitality, by the agency of luminous power, decomposed this gas, it retains the carbon, and pours forth the oxygen to the air. This process is stated to be a function of vitality ; but as this has been variously described by different authors, it is important to state with some minuteness what does really take place.

The plant absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere through the under surfaces of the leaves, and the whole of the bark ; it at the same time derives an additional portion from the moisture which is taken up by the roots, and conveyed "to the topmost twig" by the force of capillary attraction, and another power, called *endosmosis*, which

is exerted in a most striking manner, by living organic tissues. This mysterious force is shown in a pleasing way by covering some spirits of wine and water in a wine-glass with a piece of bladder; the water will escape, leaving the strong spirit behind.

Independently of the action of light the plant may be regarded as a mere machine; the fluids and gases which it absorbs pass off in a condition but very little changed—just as water would strain through a sponge or a porous stone. The consequence of this is the blanching or *etiolation* of the plant, which we produce by our artificial treatment of celery and sea-kale—the formation of the carbonaceous compound called *chlorophyle*, which is the green coloring-matter of the leaves, being entirely checked in darkness. If such a plant is brought into the light, its dormant powers are awakened, and, instead of being little other than a sponge through which fluids circulate, it exerts most remarkable chemical powers; the carbonic acid of the air and water is decomposed; its charcoal is retained to add to the wood of the plant, and the oxygen is set free again to the atmosphere. In this process is exhibited one of the most beautiful illustrations of the harmony which prevails through all the great phenomena of nature with which we are acquainted—the mutual dependence of the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

In the animal economy there is a constant production of carbonic acid, and the beautiful vegetable kingdom, spread over the earth in such infinite variety, requires this carbonic acid for its support. Constantly removing from the air the pernicious agent produced by the animal world, and giving back that oxygen which is required as the life-quickenning element by the animal races, the balance of affinities is constantly maintained by the phenomena of vegetable growth. This interesting inquiry will form the subject of another essay.

The decomposition of carbonic acid is directly dependent upon luminous agency; from the impact of the earliest morning ray to the period when the sun reaches the zenith, the excitation of that vegetable vitality by which the chemical change is effected regularly increases. As the solar orb sinks towards the horizon the chemical activity diminishes—the sun sets—the action is reduced to its minimum—the plant, in the repose of darkness, passes to that state of rest which is as necessary to the vegetating races as sleep is to the wearied animal.

These are two well-marked stages in the life of a plant; germination and vegetation are exerted under different conditions; the time of flowering arrives, and another change occurs, the processes of forming the alkaline and acid juices, of producing the oil, wax, and resin, and of secreting those nitrogenous compounds which are found in the seed, are in full activity. Carbonic acid is now evolved and oxygen is retained; hydrogen and nitrogen are also forced, as it were, into combination with the oxygen and carbon, and altogether new and more complicated operations are in activity.

Such are the phenomena of vegetable life which the researches of our philosophers have developed. This curious order—this regular progression—showing itself at well-marked epochs, is now known to be dependent upon solar influences; the

Bright effluence of bright essence increase

works its mysterious wonders on every organic form. Much is still involved in mystery; but to the call of science some strange truths have been made manifest to man, and of some of these the phenomena must now be explained.

*Germination* is a chemical change which takes place most readily in darkness; *vegetable growth* is due to the secretion of carbon under the agency of light; and the processes of *floriation* are shown to involve some new and compound operations; these three states must be distinctly appreciated.

The sunbeam comes to us as a flood of pellucid light, usually colorless; if we disturb this white beam, as by compelling it to pass through a triangular piece of glass, we break it up into colored bands, which we call the *spectrum*, in which we have such an order of chromatic rays as are seen in the rainbow of a summer shower. These colored rays are now known to be the sources of all the tints by which nature adorns the surface of the earth, or art imitates, in its desire to create the beautiful. These colored bands have not the same illuminating power, nor do they possess the same heat-giving property. The yellow rays give the most *light*; the red rays have the function of *heat* in the highest degree. Beyond these properties the sunbeam possesses another, which is the power of producing *chemical change*—of effecting those magical results which we witness in the photographic processes, by which the beams illuminating any object are made to delineate it upon the prepared tablet of the artist.

It has been suspected that these three phenomena are not due to the same agency, but that, associated in the sunbeam, we have *light*, producing all the blessings of vision, and throwing the veil of color over all things—*heat*, maintaining that temperature over our globe which is necessary to the perfection of living organisms—and a third principle, *actinism*, by which the chemical changes alluded to are effected. We possess the power, by the use of colored media, of separating these principles from each other, and of analyzing their effects. A yellow glass allows *light* to pass through it most freely, but it obstructs *actinism* almost entirely; a deep-blue glass, on the contrary, prevents the permeation of *light*, but it offers no interruption to the *actinic*, or chemical rays; a red glass again cuts off most of the rays, except those which have peculiarly a *calorific*, or heat-giving power.

With this knowledge we proceed in our experiments, and learn some of the mysteries of nature's chemistry. If, above the soil in which the seed is placed, we fix a deep, pure yellow glass, the chemical change which marks germination is prevented; if, on the contrary, we employ a blue one, it is greatly accelerated; seeds, indeed, placed beneath the soil, covered with a cobalt blue finger-glass, will germinate many days sooner than such as may be exposed to the ordinary influences of sunshine;—this proves the necessity of the principle actinism to this first stage of vegetable life. Plants, however, made to grow under the influences of such blue media present much the same conditions as those which are reared in the dark; they are succulent instead of woody, and have yellow leaves and white stalks—indeed, the formation of leaves is prevented, and all the vital energy of the plant is exerted in the production of the stalk. The chemical principle of the sun's rays, alone, is not therefore sufficient; remove the plant to the influence of light, as separated from actinism, by the action of yellow media, and wood is formed abundantly—the plant grows most healthfully, and the leaves assume that dark-green which belongs to tropical climes or to our most brilliant summers. Light is thus proved to be the exciting agent in effecting those chemical decompositions which have already been described; but under the influence of isolated light it is found that plants will not flower. When, however, the subject of our experiment is brought under the influence of a red glass, particularly of that variety in which a beautifully pure red is produced by oxide of gold, the whole process of floriation and the perfection of the seed is accomplished.

Careful and long-continued observations have proved that in the spring, when the process of germination is most active, the chemical rays are the most abundant in the sunbeam. As the summer advances, light, relatively to the other forces, is largely increased; at this season the trees of the forest, the herb of the valley, and the cultivated plants which

adorn our dwellings, are all alike adding to the wood. Autumn comes on, and then heat, so necessary for ripening grain, is found to exist in considerable excess. It is curious, too, that the autumnal heat has properties peculiarly its own—so decidedly distinguished from the ordinary heat, that Sir John Herschel and Mrs. Somerville have adopted a term to distinguish it. The peculiar browning or scorching rays of autumn are called *parathermic* rays; they possess a remarkable chemical action added to their calorific one; and to this is due those complicated phenomena already briefly described.

In these experiments, carefully tried, we are enabled to imitate the conditions of nature, and supply at any time those states of solar radiation which belong to the varying seasons of the year.

Such is a rapid sketch of the mysteries of a flower; "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Under the influence of the sunbeam, vegetable life is awakened, continued, and completed; a wondrous alchemy is effected; the change in the condition of the solar radiations determines the varying conditions of vegetable vitality; and in its progress those transmutations occur, which at once give beauty to the exterior world, and provide for the animal races the necessary food by which their existence is maintained. The contemplation of influences such as these realizes in the human soul that sweet feeling which, with Keats, finds that

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;  
Its loveliness increasing, it will never  
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Such the sun and moon,  
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils,  
With the green world they live in.

From Household Words.

#### WALKING-STICKS.

WHETHER it was a cripple or a dandy, an old gentleman, or a young gentleman, who first invented walking-sticks, cannot now be determined. That the pilgrim of the Middle Ages used a staff we know well from song and story;—a stout, strong, serviceable staff, shod with iron, which stood no nonsense; for it was intended not merely to support the pilgrim when weary, and to aid the ascent and descent of hills and mountains; but to quell the familiarities of rough wayfarers. There was a protuberance a short distance below the top, to afford a firm grasp; and the upper part formed a hollow tube, in which the pilgrim carried relics of saints, small crucifixes, or other humble but cherished treasures. There are records of other articles stored away in these staff receptacles; the first head of saffron is said to have been brought to England from Greece in a pilgrim's staff, at a time when it was death to take the living plant out of the country; the silk-worm first found its way into Europe by a similar piece of cunning; and pilgrims sometimes contrived to lay aside a store of gold coin in this hiding-place.

The staff or *alpenstock*, of the Swiss and Tyrolese is an unquestionable walking-stick, of a formidable and invaluable kind. Exceeding in length the height of the user, and tipped with iron, it renders important assistance to all Alpine pedestrians. With its chamois-horn as a surmounting crook, it makes some pretension to ornament. All who have read narratives, or seen pictures, or heard lectures, concerning the ascent of Mont Blanc, will readily call to mind

the claim which these alpenstocks have to be called life-preservers.

One of the earliest kinds of walking-stick adopted as a support by elderly persons, was the *ferula* or staff of fennel-wood. Being long, tough, and light, it is well fitted for this purpose, and it seems to have given name to a certain castigatory weapon but too well known to school-boys. In Oriental countries, the hollow or pithy-stalked palms and bamboos naturally become the material for walking-sticks, and it is to such countries that we owe the designation of cane, so much given to those pedestrian accompaniments. Ancient Egyptian walking-sticks have been discovered, made of cherry-wood, and having carved knobs. Henry the Eighth had "a cane garnished with sylver and gilte, with Astronomie upon it;" and "a cane garnished with golde, having a perfume in the toppe."

Of the Clouded Cane, of whose nice conduct Pope's Sir Plume was justly vain; of Jambees at ten guineas per joint, and plain Dragons described in the Tatler; of the strong cane and the amber-tipped cane, sung by Gay; of the long and elegant sticks used by elderly ladies in the second half of the last century, and by footmen of the present day; of the stout, knotted sticks and the slender bamboos in fashion half a century ago; of the enormous, grotesque heads carved upon sticks to suit certain abnormal tastes; of comic canes with Tim Bobbins and Punch and Merry Andrews and Toby Fillpots grinning from their heads; of rough sticks and smooth sticks; of straight sticks and crooked sticks; of all sorts of sticks, from rattans to bludgeons, it is not our present purpose to indite;—the reader will find an amusing account of most of them in the Report of the Exhibition Jury on Miscellaneous Articles—a jury which worked most indefatigably in their miscellaneous duties. We pass all this to say a little respecting the commerce in walking-sticks, which is much more extensive than most persons would imagine.

It appears that there is scarcely a grass or a tree which has not been made available for this purpose. The varieties most usually selected, among the growths of Europe, are blackthorn, crab, maple, ash, oak, beech, orange-tree, cherry-tree, furze-bush, and Spanish reed; from the West Indies there come vine-stems, cabbage-stalks, orange-stalks, lemon-stalks, coffee-stalks, briar-stalks; while from other countries in the warm regions are brought rattans, calamus-stems, bamboos, Malaccas, and Manila canes. Whatever is the kind employed, the wood is usually cut towards the end of autumn, especially if it be wished to preserve the bark.

A walking-stick of moderate pretensions, made of ordinary wood, and to be sold at a moderate price, passes through almost as many processes as a needle, and is, to all intents and purposes, a manufactured article. Let us look on, while such a stick is being made.

First, then, shall it have the bark on or not? Most of the better kinds have lost their bark, and ours shall accordingly. Only one half-penny is paid for stripping the bark from a branch of the warted-crab, which is a favorite wood for sticks; but has a bark obstinately clinging to the protuberances on the side of the branch. The peelers boil the branch for a couple of hours, and the bark then readily yields to any simple instrument. In straighter and smoother branches, the difficulty is less; and, consequently, the rate of pay is lower.

Then comes the straightening of the stick, and the fashioning of the crook, which so often forms its upper termination. The upper end is immersed in hot, damp sand; it becomes soft and non-elastic, and readily assumes and maintains any curvature which may be given to it. For every kind of wood, there is a temperature and a dampness best fitted for this process; and thus the stick-maker has to store his mem-



ery with a body of practical rules on the subject. Then, for the straightening, the stick is immersed in hot, dry sand, which gives it a kind of pliability different from that requisite for the crooking; and by bending and humoring it in a groove in a board, the stick becomes straight and symmetrical. But if our walking-stick contemns this Quaker-like straightness, and has a yearning for the knobby and crooked, it comes under the operation of the rasp and the file, unless, indeed, the knobs are such as Nature gave.

The external adornment is even more varied than the original form. Many walking-sticks appear in such masquerade costumes, that their brother-branches would not know them again; they are sand-papered, or emiered, or rotten-stoned, and are further smoothed with fish-skin or fish-skin; then they are stained by liquid dyes, the chemical composition of which the stick-maker probably numbers among his secrets; and, lastly, they are varnished. Sometimes the surface is charred, and the charred portion scraped off here and there, so as to impart a mottled appearance to the stick. Sometimes, but more frequently on the continent than in England, lithographic transfers decorate the surface of the stick.

These every-day, steady-looking, thoroughgoing, middle-class, serviceable walking-sticks form the mainstay and support of the manufacture, like as willow-pattern plates and two-penny cups and saucers are commercially more important to the Staffordshire potteries than Parian statuettes or dessert services. But still the more ornate and aristocratic sticks and canes give employment to a large number of work-people; whalebone, tortoise-shell, ram's-horn, rhinoceros' horn, gutta percha, shark-spine, narwhal-horn, ivory—these are some only among many substances employed for sticks. The mode of working each kind does not differ materially from that of manufacturing other articles from the same materials; but there is a curious exception in relation to tortoise-shell; the raspings and parings of this substance are susceptible of being conglomerated by heat and pressure, and formed into elongated rods for sticks—a capital mode of picking up crumbs, and making them useful.

As to the ferules, crooks, handles, and decorative appendages, who shall number them? Gold, silver, sham-gold, sham-silver, ivory, ebony, tortoise-shell, mother o' pearl, agate, cornelian, jasper, jade, leather, hair, silk, skin—all are employed. What offence crooks have given, that they should be out of favor, does not appear; but certain it is that the rectangular handle is now in the ascendant; it juts out in stern precision from the vertical stem, and ignores Hogarth's theory of the beauty of curved lines. It sometimes aspires to stags' heads, and at others descends to stags' feet; and not unfrequently it makes a Jenny Lind-ish attempt at portraiture.

So large has this manufacture now become, that the principal London maker is said to sell annually about one hundred and fifty thousand walking-sticks made of English wood, and three hundred and sixty thousand rattans and canes for making the more expensive varieties. The polished ash sticks are mostly made at Birmingham; where they are sawn and turned by machine-lathes, previous to the polishing. The importation of walking-sticks from abroad is not very considerable, as the English makers strive to meet all the demand that may arise; this relates to the finished sticks, and not to the raw material.

There is a nationality even in walking-sticks. Germany makes better whalebone sticks than England, and is also expert in making elastic and tough sticks from the almost impenetrable hide of the rhinoceros. Austria excels in the sticks with carved ivory handles; but England bears the palm for those ornamented with silver wire, or gold and silver chasing. Paris is said to have had, in 1847, no less than one

hundred and sixty-five manufacturers, and nine hundred and sixty-two work-people employed in making walking-sticks and whips; but, as we cannot tell how many have been added to these numbers from other and similar trades, so are we likewise without data to settle the numerical claims of the walking-sticks. There were, however, four thousand five hundred and fifty-six cwt. of rattans, bamboos, and other canes imported into France in 1850, and this seems to tell significantly of a large walking-cane manufacture in that country. The little Grand Ducal (if anything so little can be grand) State of Hesse excels all other countries in the manufacture of pictorial walking-sticks. In neatly transferring lithographic patterns to sticks Hesse is unrivalled. They are sold largely to England and America, and some of them are exceedingly elegant; the patterns are transferred from paper while the ink from the printing, whether colored or black, is wet, and the stick is afterwards varnished.

But Hamburg seems to be the walking-stick metropolis. Herr Meyer, of that city, is the king of stick-makers. His star of walking-sticks, radiating in all its splendor in the Zollverein department of the Great Exhibition, attracted many an admiring gaze. Very little less than five hundred varieties there made their appearance, from the ornate and costly, down to the useful and cheap. Being a free port for the reception of sticks and canes from all parts of the world, and hand-labor being cheaper there than in London, Hamburg drives a large trade in this department of industry.

Crochety walking-sticks occasionally make a noise in the world—walking-sticks which contain a shop full of furniture (more or less) in their bosoms. A Scottish physician has lately constructed a walking-stick containing a variety of medical instruments and medicines. Another sagacious personage has enriched society with a walking-stick containing a compass, a mirror, a dressing-case, an inkstand, a telescope, a thermometer, a set of drawing instruments, stationery and lucifers. A third, thoughtful concerning the supply of nature's wants, has made a walking-stick which acts as a miniature larder and wine-cellar; for it contains a long, cylindrical bottle, a wine-glass on similar elongated principles, and a receptacle for biscuits or compressed meats. Another has contrived to pack away in his walking-stick a useful map of London and a compass. A fifth (perhaps an electro-biological gentleman) has made a walking-stick with a complete galvanic battery in its interior; "on holding the knob in the hand, a shock is slightly felt, and by taking a piece of silver or copper in each hand, and touching the knob on each side, the shock is greatly increased!"

As to the murderous walking-sticks, which thrust out upon you their swords, or dirks, or spring spears, we like them not; their use is only to be tolerated in private gentlemen and editors, who do not feel comfortable in the streets of California or Kentucky without a Colt's revolver peeping out of their pockets loaded to the muzzle and on full cock.

ANCIENT MARK OF EMPHASIS.—The following note, extracted from *The English Churchman* of Sept. 19, 1851, may not inappropriately be transferred to the "N. & Q."

"In a toll case, tried at Bedford, Mr. Devon, who was brought from the Record Office to produce some translations from *Domesday Book*, stated in his evidence the singular fact that, in many old manuscripts, when particular emphasis was given to a word, it was customary, instead of underlining it as at the present day, to run the pen completely across the words in the same manner as we now erase them."—*Notes & Queries*.

From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

# A CONSIDERATION OF SOME OF THE RELATIONS OF CLIMATE TO TUBERCULAR DISEASE.

BY W. J. BURNETT, M. D., BOSTON.

THERE are two prominent facts which have made the subject of the climatic relations of tubercular disease, one under active discussion among the medical men of this country and Europe during the last few years.

These are: first, the almost alarming increase of disease of this nature; and, second, the facilities of travel, so that climate can be easily and cheaply changed. The time has been when only a few thought about distant travel for health. But now, almost every one who at all values his life, can easily put himself in a more genial atmosphere and beneath an almost cloudless sky. With the attention thus directed, the questions are—*what* climate is to be sought; and what are the reasonable expectations as to its effect upon tubercular disease?

Of late there has been published quite a number of works upon the climate of those European and insular countries hitherto quite celebrated as resorts for invalids of this character; and as the most dissimilar views have been advocated, there has arisen much confusion among medical men as to the correct answers of the questions above referred to. Some, in fact, have become thorough sceptics as to the benefit of any change of climate out of the latitude in which the invalid has been accustomed to live.

From among these works recently published may be mentioned two, viz., that of Dr. Pollock, appearing in the London Medical Gazette of last year; and that of Dr. Burgess, not long since separately published. Both are upon the climate of Italy, and are well calculated to lessen the enthusiasm of invalids for a land which has always been made more sunny by the pens of poets than the favor of nature. I have no doubt that the conclusions of these men, and especially those of Dr. Pollock, upon the climate of southern Europe, are correct in the main; and, as they were addressed to the English people, will no doubt lead many English physicians to hesitate before advising their usual migration.

But in this country, a misapplication and sometimes a misinterpretation of these and similar opinions, has led very many physicians to be quite sceptical as to the real benefit to be derived by northern invalids, from a change of residence into the southern and more sunny States. This scepticism seems to be yearly increasing—and there can be but little doubt that it is as mischievous as it is really unfounded. It is certainly quite desirable that clear and distinct opinions should be entertained by northern physicians upon a subject fast getting to be one of such paramount importance. I make this remark, because I think that the reason of their doubts of climatic influence is plain; in other words, that the cause of their unfortunate experience is becoming well understood. It is, that the climate has not been thoroughly tried. To make a clear and full statement of the whole matter, I will say that I am convinced that the shifting, migratory course, South in winter and spring, and North the rest of the year, usually advised and followed, is an erroneous and mischievous one; and that if a northern consumptive can reasonably expect any benefit from this change of climate, this benefit will be obtained

only from a continued southern residence for several years.

There is a grave error in thinking that, if one goes South in late autumn, and remains there until late spring, and then returns North to pass the summer and early autumn, he keeps himself in the train of favorable climatic influences. It is not so; and the error is concealed in the fact that a summer at the North does not make a southern climate. This leads me to some considerations upon the peculiarities and differences of the northern and southern climates of this country.

As to the New England climate, it seems quite clear, that, taken as a whole, there is something in it highly predisposing to the development of tubercular disease. Not only do we see this disease here constantly peering out from hereditary predispositions, but the cases are quite numerous in which it seems purely indigenous, being engrafted upon an untainted stock. It is true that this may be said of other countries having an intemperate climate, but very far from the extent of what I think is true of New England. Statistics can be produced to show, that, take the whole year through, pulmonary diseases—inflammation of the mucous membrane of the air-passages—constitute a very large proportion of the disease. In fact, the tendency of disease here seems to be quite towards the pulmonary organs. Aside from the evidence of general observation, this statement has a very significant support in the fact, that in cases presenting some obscure aspects, the suspicion of the intelligent physician is quickly fastened upon the lungs, and an examination of the chest is made; thus showing that where outstanding local or temporary causes are absent, one is almost unconsciously led to suspect insidious disease referable to ever-constant general agencies.

An unequal, fluctuating climate, in any latitude, tends to produce these effects. But the climate of New England, besides having this inequality and diversity in a very marked degree, possesses other characteristics having a great influence. Its atmosphere is dry and stimulating, and during the greater part of the year of a low temperature considering the latitude. The effect of such an atmosphere upon a sound constitution is highly bracing, leading to a mental and corporeal activity quite inconsistent with endurance and longevity. It is probably not an incorrect opinion that many of the moral and physical peculiarities of New England people, included under the terms enterprise and action, may be traced to these agencies.

In such an atmosphere, the constant vicissitudes of temperature render the functions of the skin imperfect, thus increasing the liability of congestions of the mucous membrane; and this mucous membrane, from the fact that it is ever in contact with an irritating medium, is generally that of the air-passages. On this account, mainly, the urgency of these conditions is considerably lessened by the use of flannel next to the skin; the importance of which, worn in summer as well as winter, is now well recognized.

On the whole, New England climate has little in it that is sedative at any long season of the year. The winters are broken and unsteady, especially so on the sea-board, and it is only in the northern inland portions that there is that constant cold which has a far more favorable influence. The character of New England spring weather is too well known to need comment. Nothing could be more uncertain and less reliable. The months of May and

June frequently change places, and one is not sure of warm weather until into July. As for the summer months, it is a great mistake, as I have before said, to suppose that they furnish a climate like that of the South. There is, to be sure, heat enough, but it is unsteady, and during July and August the thermometer not unfrequently falls 30° or 40° in a few hours. Intensely hot as it is frequently in mid-day, yet, at midnight, if one is exposed, it is rare that over-clothes are not the more comfortable.

But a fact more significant than all the rest, as to the influence of our summer weather, is that our consumptives do not generally improve in it; on the other hand, they lose ground. This is generally attributed to the depressing influence of the heat. No doubt there is much in this, for the heat is here often very intense; but more is probably due to the sudden and wide changes of temperature. That this is the correct version of the matter, would seem to be indicated by the influence of our early autumn weather, which is far the best and most genial we have. There is generally a season, commencing about the first of September, and continuing until the early frosts of October, when the weather of New England may be said to be truly fine. The atmosphere is warm and dry, presenting a hazy, quiet aspect, and the light wind is generally from the W. or S. W. It is then that we have those dreamy days that come and go so quietly as scarcely to leave a ripple-mark—reminding one of the sunny skies of the pine-lands of Georgia and South Carolina. Every one, and especially those out of cities, has felt the soothing, sedative influence of this weather.

It is well known that during this weather, our consumptive and other pulmonary invalids improve. The functions of their skin are more active, and the urgency of the cough and all the other pulmonary symptoms is decreased. The expectoration is less purulent, the appetite improved, and the spirits, strength and flesh increased. In many instances the improvement is as unexpected as it is remarkable—and there is often a melancholy pleasure in thus observing this temporary improvement, brightened as it always is by the patient with a thousand delusive hopes.

This short season is the only weather in New England, with which I am acquainted, that is really favorable to consumptive invalids.\* And in its favorable influence, and at the same time in its resemblance to that of the pine-lands of the South, there may be drawn something more than a hint as to the real agency of southern climates upon diseases of this nature. But broad as this hint is, it is not usually taken; or, if so, not in time. For many invalids in the second stage of consumption, improved as they have, do not perceive the wisdom in taking means to continue in this same climate, but delude themselves with the hope that they will be well enough to remain North during winter; or, if they conclude to go South, defer it until they are obliged to, having two or three "colds upon their lungs."

\* The fine weather of a New England June has always been insisted on and highly recommended. But of late years this does not appear to have been true—for it has been unsettled, and often colder and more uncomfortable than May. If one can trust the testimony of elderly people, it would seem that, in this and other respects, the climate has changed very perceptibly in the last quarter of a century. Now, they affirm, the winters have not that steady severe cold as formerly, but are more open and broken, running into the spring; and this last, in its turn, usurping a portion of summer.

The peculiarities of a southern climate, as bearing upon its benefit to consumptive invalids, are far from being referable alone to its elevated temperature. I refer here to the alluvial and pine-land portion of Georgia and South Carolina. It has other characteristics, which, though less well understood, are not the less important as to effects. The atmosphere has a decidedly sedative, soothing influence, which, due to whatever causes it may be, has a very desirable effect upon the mucous membranes of the air-passages—and this effect, once commenced, is not likely to be disturbed by sudden vicissitudes of temperature. There the general tendencies of disease seem to be changed; and that, too, from the thoracic to the cutaneous and abdominal organs; and it is through these changed relations that the cure is to be effected. But a fact more worthy of notice than all the rest, is the almost complete exemption from phthisis of the native inhabitants of this section of the country. It is true that consumption is there found; but a careful inquiry has shown that in almost every instance it had been immigrated either directly or indirectly. Other diseases, such as those of miasmatic character, those of the intestinal canal and its appendages, seem to exist in the place of those of a tubercular nature; and were we better acquainted with that curious yet important subject—the *antagonism of diseases*—we might, perhaps, better understand how these relations are effected.

That these relations of disease are based upon climatic influences, might be here shown in many ways; but I will mention one fact, observed by myself, which is quite indicative. In northern and upland Georgia the soil and aspect of the country quite resemble that of New England. There, as in New England, the primitive geologic rocks appear; and it has for a long time been remarked, that nowhere South is the climate so much like that of New England as in this section. The diseases follow in the same train, for they are pre-eminently those of the pulmonary organs. Consumption, lung fever, bronchitis, are common, and this, too, at the apparent exclusion of the diseases of the low and pine-land regions.

An additional fact of the same bearing, and which may here be mentioned, is, that, even in the pine-land country of upper South Carolina, a very severe winter (as the last, for instance) is quite productive of pneumonia or lung fever with those inhabitants living on creeks or in damp spots. The construction of their houses is little calculated to shield them from the adversities of cold and damp; and, thus situated, it is rather a noticeable fact, that the disease assumes an acute form, exactly as is true of the Irish of New England, in whom tubercular tendencies are not common; whereas, among our native inhabitants, acute pneumonia is rather a rare disease, the pulmonary affections being generally of a more chronic and insidious nature.

If such are the influences of climate upon comparatively healthy constitutions, we should naturally infer that its tendency would be towards arresting the development of tubercular disease, and favoring that condition of the general system leading to a permanent cure.

That this is so, I fully believe, and think it can be tolerably well shown, imperfect as the state of inquiry has hitherto been.

But if we sought proof in the results of migratory invalids, our case would truly be a poor one.

If climate is to work a change, it is foolish to expect that that change will be effected unless the individual gets acclimated. It is, therefore, to the results of those cases of tubercular disease where the residence has been permanent, that we are to look for a correct version of the matter.

In my intercourse with many intelligent physicians at the South, many cases were described to me, in which individuals from the North, having phthisis in its first stage, had taken up their permanent residence there. Their pulmonary symptoms gradually disappeared, and now they are quite free from them, enjoying a very fair share of health. In the same manner, also, several cases were described to me, in which the disease had far advanced in the second stage—a cavity or small cavities having been produced in one of the lungs. These individuals remained there permanently, settling down into a quiet life. They recovered so as to enjoy tolerable health—the cure taking place, as indicated by physical signs, much in the way Laennec has described, by the partial cicatrization of the cavities, which yielded a blowing, dry, amphoric sound. In one of these instances the young man felt so much restored after a few years, that he hazarded a return to New England for a permanent residence. But in less than a year he was seized with a violent and unexpected hemorrhage, and died soon after of ordinary phthisis.\*

It is to be regretted that statistics upon this subject have not been made out; but, as the matter now stands, the conviction left in the mind of the medical inquirer and observer is full and clear.

There is another fact, vouched for by an intelligent physician of Georgia, and which should be mentioned in this place. He affirmed to me that the negroes of Maryland and Northern Virginia, affected and broken down by pulmonary trouble, and perhaps scrofula, as shown in enlarged glands, &c., if sold to the Georgia and other far southern planters, soon improved, losing their symptoms, quite often recovering, and growing strong and fat.

I was also struck with the fact of the long duration of phthisis with those negroes of the South, who, from quite ill conditions of life, had contracted the disease. It seemed to run a light, lengthy form, although perhaps fatal in the end. I recall to my mind one instance, where I examined the chest of a negro having tuberculosis of the apices of both lungs, and a cavity in the left one. To the physician with me I declared that he would die in three months. But he affirmed that he would live two to three years, and that, as property, this probability of life would be admitted.

But I need discuss this matter no farther. It now remains for me, in conclusion, to make a few general remarks.

The view I advocate is, that if a consumptive can reasonably expect benefit from a southern climate, his residence there must be permanent and not migratory.

Besides the arguments already adduced in support of this view, it may be worth while to notice the testimony given me by those physicians residing in the winter resorts of northern consumptives. Generally, they say, they (the invalids) do not ar-

rive there until actually driven by the cold weather of the North. As soon as the warm, delightful weather of April has come, and they are, if at all, in a fair way for permanent improvement, they are uneasy about their return North; and the occurrence of two or three quite warm days in succession, soon settles their determination. By early May they have left, looking much better than when they came. The ensuing winter they appear again, but it is evident they have lost ground during their absence; they return home again in early spring as before, and here often is the end of their migrations. Others, having the disease in a more chronic form, appear regularly for many years; but at last are not seen or heard of again.

I am aware that invalids, on going South, expect too much in the way of climate. They picture in their minds cloudless skies over a land of the cypress and myrtle, and which will immediately effect their restoration. I need scarcely say that in this they are doomed to disappointment; and so will it always be, until the opinion is fully recognized—that it is not sunny skies that will alone benefit them, but rather a continuation under the aggregate of the influences of the climate.

At the present day numerous objections are raised by northern physicians against this southern migration. One class disapprove of it on the ground, both of the incurability of the disease, and a disbelief in warm climate, based upon an ill-digested theory, partly chemical and partly medical. Another class, and much the more numerous, although avowing a belief in southern climate, nevertheless quite object to the migration on the ground of humanity. They cry out against what they call the cruelty of sending people away from the comforts and attentions of home—and that too with a wide possibility to die among strangers. In its place they advise the patient to remain among the comforts of home—occupying a large chamber, which by various arrangements is to have a southern or summer atmosphere!

There is some force in a part of this objection, for sometimes there is great inconsiderateness in urging patients away. But, taken as a whole, it is not valid. Certainly no judicious person would advise the going away of a patient unable to bear the journey, or whose end is not far distant. But the conveniences of modern travel have taken away the former terrors of the transit. The journey now is easy and of short duration, and with mail and telegraph one can feel quite near home. With these conveniences there seems little necessity for the immuration of an invalid in a chamber—obliged all the while to take sedative medicines for cough—and however many and complete the home-comforts, yet in a fair way to depress the nervous system, and enervate the whole body.

In no disease is there so much danger of over-medication as in consumption. Experience has shown, that as a disease primitively of the nutrition, our object must be to strengthen the nutritive function, and to spare every unnecessary dose of medicine into the stomach, the tone and power of which must be carefully nursed by proper food. I need scarcely say that these relations cannot be carried out by a winter's residence at the North, however favorable the circumstances.

In cases where the symptoms are not immediately threatening, and the patient has remaining considerable physical power, so as to be about in an easy way without fatigue, it will generally, I think, be judicious to advise, at least a winter's res-

\*In citing these facts, I trust I shall not be misunderstood. I am very far from advocating the doctrine that all who have consumption in the first and second stages can get well by living permanently at the South; but I do advocate that if benefit in these cases can be reasonably hoped for by this change of climate, this change should be permanent.



idence at the South, where one can be under the influence of pleasant days, and drink in balmy air instead of cough mixtures.

As to a summer's residence at the South, beside the objection of its being unnecessary, there is another generally urged—the enervating effect of its excessive heat. This objection is not well-founded, and rests more upon ideas of a more southern latitude than anything else. As to degree of heat, the mercury certainly rises higher in the New England than in the Southern States. For in these last it rarely exceeds 90°, even in the hottest season. It is true that the hot season is long, and, in the low sandy regions, its effect is quite depressing. But possessing such a variety of climates as do South Carolina and Georgia, the invalid need not thus be endangered, for there are resorts midway between the low and the mountainous parts of both of these States, where the summer climate is indescribably fine, having, perhaps, no equal in this or any other country.\*

But in advocating the necessity of a permanent southern residence for the consumptive, I should be willing to do so only with some exceptions. There is a class of patients, generally of the so-called lymphatic and bilious temperaments, who bear heat badly; and what they gain in a decrease of local symptoms, they lose in general strength. I need scarcely say that this class of cases everywhere is the most intractable, and least amenable to treatment. It belongs to the judicious physician to perceive the relations of such cases, and advise accordingly.† As to variety of climate and climatic advantages, the United States are certainly more highly favored than any country. If this fact is known generally, it is not appreciated. No invalid need cross the water; for in our own borders, among our own people, who speak the same language as ourselves, we can, by a journey of less than eighty hours, be in a clime certainly not surpassed by any of the old world. Dissatisfied as the English are fast getting with their “sunny Italy,” or their “beloved Madeira,” it may not be regarded improbable that, when the communication shall have become easier and more direct, they will exchange these for the sunnier spots of Carolina and Georgia.

*Boston, September 13, 1852.*

From the Christian Observer.

#### ON TACT.

Tact may not be unaptly described as the microscope of discretion; or it may be considered as the feeler of the mind. It is that feathery touch which turns instinctively from everything, however trifling, which can needlessly wound the sensibilities of another, or recoil with pain upon ourselves. The very opposite to this are often the men of large capacities, who use the telescope, and not the microscope; and who, while they are employed in

\* Such is the character of climate of Greenville and its neighborhood, in South Carolina, and of Stone-Mountain in Georgia. In fact, there can be little doubt that the climate of both of these States is far better in summer for invalids than in winter.

† In this connection I may make a remark having an unrestricted application. It is, that in a disease so precarious as consumption, if an individual residing at the South is doing well, the wisdom of letting well alone and remaining there, should be recognized, however late in spring the time may be. They should not set up to the dictates of a common theory, before they have tested its value in their cases, by individual experience.

wandering amongst the stars, knock themselves against everything which is on a level with their heads, and stumble over everything which is on a level with their heels. These giants in intellect sometimes, it must be owned, trample, without knowing it, upon many of the decencies of human life, and spoil much on which its beauty and symmetry depend. But in their case there is ample compensation to society; and we feel, as in the instance of Dr. Johnson, that we ought to bear much from them. But truly, if, as Solomon tells us, “a fair woman without discretion is like a jewel of gold in a swine’s snout,” an ordinary man without tact is not unlike the aforesaid animal, leaving the jewel of gold wholly out of the bargain.

Tact, like many things in the moral and spiritual world, is best explained by negatives; it is best defined by what it is not, rather than by what it is. And its value can alone be fully known by its absence and its loss. It is, as I have intimated already, a microscopic instrument, and acts upon things too minute for those to see who are without it. But are those minuter objects of small importance, as they bear upon the comforts of daily life, and upon the sum of human happiness? Far from it. It would be impossible to calculate how much real uneasiness and distress the want of this fine feeler of the mind occasions. How many hard blows the tactless man is ever dealing around him; and how, in wounding others, he is constantly inflicting wounds upon himself.

One development of want of tact, is the saying for an acquaintance what it is his part, and not yours, to say. And this is sometimes rather ridiculous than distressing. I could instance in the case of a young man who once called upon me with a message from his father, and the message was as follows:—“My father has sent me to request that you will do yourself the pleasure of dining with him.” Now the word pleasure did not come well from him, however it might have come from me; though some might doubt this latter; for what prospect of pleasure was there, they might say, in dining with a family of which this youngster was a sample? I could instance in the case of another where the blunder was not quite so inoffensive. A friend of mine, distinguished equally for his piety and talents, was once speaking of the coachman of an acquaintance of his, who had shown a most affecting degree of humility in some transaction which had taken place between them, and added, as if he deeply felt it, “How superior, I thought at the time, might that humble man have been to myself!” This pious reflection, which came so gracefully from him, was echoed with strange effect from one in company who thought it necessary to add, “Yes, it is far from improbable that he was so.”

The occasions indeed are endless, on which want of tact inflicts its wounds upon the vulnerable mind. Small though the inflictions may appear, they act like flies which with their petty stings can goad one of the noblest animals almost to madness. Thus, what some blundering friend meant as a compliment to Goldsmith, forced from him the exclamation, that that man was just the one who would drive him to commit suicide. Truly may it be said, that “the tender mercies of the tactless are cruel.” Little do they dream what annoyances they give, what pains they daily and hourly occasion. They are wholly unconscious, for instance, of the wound they inflict upon the man who has an impediment in his speech, when they are before

hand with him in the word he is struggling to bring forth. Nor does the man who has the misfortune of wanting a leg or arm, feel less indignant at the officiousness which keeps his infirmity constantly in the minds of the company, by forcing assistance upon him which he does not want. But in no case are the attentions of the tactless more unwelcome than in that of the man who begins to feel that he is growing old, and who at the same time vainly (vainly in both senses of the word) thinks that no one has made the discovery but himself. If he takes up a book, one of his tormentors comes to him with another, saying, "I am afraid that print is too small for you." Or if he announces that he has bought a horse, another of them inquires with anxious look "whether he is sure it is quite safe;" thereby broadly hinting how brittle he considers the destined load of this new purchase is, and of what awful consequence he thinks a fall to a man of his time of life would be. Again, when he is about to mount that horse, which he is quite equal to without aid, he is mortified by feeling something pushing at his back, as if he were a lifeless sack, and not a living man. Nor, if he would descend from his carriage, is it pleasant to see one running to offer his arm with the same courtesy that he would use to a lady. Nor again, to conclude this list of grievances, is it a small annoyance to him to endure the attentions of some awkward young man, who, as he is taking his leave, flies to help him on with his great-coat, as if, unless thus aided, he must go without it.

But all this is nothing compared with the petty martyrdom which the hypochondriac undergoes from good-natured but blundering friends. Such a man, though full of apprehensions himself, dreads the least sign of sympathy in others, for this only doubles and confirms his fears. And those, therefore, who have penetration to discern this symptom of his case, dread even to look the sufferer fully in the face, for fear he may read his sentence in their eyes. Not so the man who is troubled with no such nicety of feeling. Those of this temperament, who belong to the lower order, often think it a piece of good-breeding to condole with a nervous patient, and tell him how "sorry they are to see him so changed, and so fallen away that they would scarcely know him." But gross as this is, it is hardly worse than the obtuseness of many even of higher rank, who, in order to cheer the hypochondriac, tell him how well he is looking, and what a different man he looks from what he did the day before. Whereas the unhappy man had, with all his fears, indulged the hope that they had been but fancies; and flattered himself that he had to others been presenting the appearance of a man in health. And now to be told that he seems better to-day, implying thereby, though nothing further has been said, that he was looking ill yesterday, is but cold comfort, or, I rather would say, red-hot despair. It sends him away with a heavy heart, and well prepared to torment himself with the following reflection: "If I looked ill yesterday, and no one told me, I may look as ill to-morrow, and no one say a word about it. Who then can I trust, when all are thus in conspiracy against me?" But I have said that this obtuseness not only acts distressingly upon others, but reacts still more distressingly upon ourselves. Tact is the faculty by which a man hits the point of his right position in the world, and what place he relatively holds in station, talents, and other particulars. And here the maxim of Horace with respect to literary labors may well come in:

*Sumite materiem vestris, qui scribitis, æquam  
Viribus; et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,  
Quid valeant humeri.*

Examine well, ye writers, weigh with care,  
What suits your genius—what your strength can bear.

*Francis.*

I am convinced that a great proportion of the heart-burnings and miseries which men feel, arises from error in this matter. They are filled with jealousy, they are goaded into "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," simply by mistaking the scale of their own pretensions, and thinking that they have been wronged in the place which society has assigned to them. At this they fret, and on this they brood. And all this, because they really do not know the relative position which justly and fairly belongs to them. Nor have I the slightest doubt that the sum of human happiness would be immeasurably increased, simply by there being some infallible authority to which all rivalships and competitions might be referred; and in submitting to which, every reasonable man would feel and know that he was done full justice. For it would not be infirmity, but downright wickedness, to demur at not being preferred to one whom we believed and acknowledged to be our superior. Perhaps such a state of things may be one of the rich ingredients of millennial blessedness.

But it is in the minuter details of life, that tact must find its appropriate exercise. Those who have felt it, best know the pangs which young men feel when they have by some mismanagement got into an awkward position, and, as it were, a wrong place in a room of company—when they make a remark which no one seems to hear, or start a topic which no one seconds or deigns to notice, except it be by a passing look of surprise, which seems to inquire why he thought it necessary to obtrude his thoughts upon the company. All this mortification does he bring upon himself by the want of tact—of that faculty which would have taken right measure of his own relative importance in the circle in which he now is placed. The fact is, that, in general society, no observation that is made, no opinion offered, or circumstance related, will interest or command attention unless supported by one of two things—either its own importance, or the importance of the speaker.

A man of consequence may say the most trifling thing, and if he be in the company of his inferiors, they will not only listen to it with attention, but really derive entertainment from it. But if an humble man would obtain a hearing, he must say something worth the listening to, or the best he can expect is patience, bordering upon restlessness, in the company. But this is precisely the thing which the man without tact does not perceive. Suppose him to be a person of small importance, he does not see that the thing which comes very well from one of leading talents or high position, does not come well from him. And then he feels that he is done injustice to, if the very words which won applause for another, can gain for him no reception but that of indifference or disgust. I could draw many a picture which would clearly and practically illustrate the principle I have laid down. Let us suppose a large party domesticated in a country house. One of them is a nobleman of exalted station, the others of the several grades of gentry. They come down to breakfast in the morning. The nobleman turns to the lady of the house, and observes, we will suppose, what a beautiful view there is from the room he slept in; or,

how much the scene has been improved since he last was there. Or suppose he were to entertain the company by telling what strange vagaries his horse had played with him the day before; nay, if he were to announce what an extraordinary dream he had the preceding night, the hearers would exhibit, not an affected, but real interest in all he said. But if some shy and forward youth (for they are not incompatible) were to think, that because it became the other, it would become him also, to talk of his horse, or his dreams, or what he saw out of his bedroom window, the general feeling would be, "Who cares for your horse, or your dreams; who minds where you slept or what you saw out of your bedroom window, or how you liked it?" No! If an insignificant person would gain a hearing in mixed society, he must say something worth the saying. He must give value received for the attention he demands. He must pay in specie; his signature or endorsement will go for nothing, if he offers paper. I will now conclude this head with the following anecdote.

A clergyman, remarkable for doing with effect what no one without his peculiar powers could do, meeting once a stranger upon the road, with scarcely any preface said, "Where are you going? Are you going to heaven or to hell?" The sudden surprisal of this question, I am told, produced a most salutary effect. Whether such a manner of address might, or might not, appear judicious to many, it appeared highly so to a brother minister who witnessed the transaction. This worthy person, possessed of more zeal than tact, took the hint, and resolved to adopt that mode of operation on his return to his own parish. Arriving there, one of the first persons he met was a lady in a very critical state of health, and near her confinement. On her he tried his new experiment, accosting her at once with, "Are you going to heaven or to hell?" This extraordinary compellation was, I am assured, very near sending her quickly to, it is to be hoped, the former place.

Will it be thought by any that I have handled this subject in a manner unsuitable to the spirit which in general breathes in the pages of the Christian Observer, and unworthy the approval of its excellent conductor? Will it be said that I have used lightness? My answer is, that if I have done so, I have done it with no light intention. Want of tact is a thing in itself ridiculous, and, as such, is best painted in ridiculous colors. If indeed this distortion were the result of some malformation of the mind, and as being so, were unavoidable and incurable, it would be but wanton cruelty to expose it to the scorn and laughter of the world. But I believe it is in most instances far from being so. It may have some mixture indeed of natural infirmity in it. But it is, I am sure, in a great degree, a moral distemper, and, as such, may yield to moral remedies. The Gospel is, in a word, the grand specific for whatever is calculated to distort the symmetry of the mind. It is the great corrective of whatever would mar that fair image in which man was at first created, and which it is the purpose and design of true religion to restore. I have heard it said, by one of great discernment in the things of God, that he could not conceive it possible for a pious man to be what is called an *od-dity*. And surely if God has given to all his children "the spirit not only of power and love," but also "of a sound mind;" if "he that hath not the Spirit of Christ is none of His;" if "charity beareth itself not unseemly;" if the same mind which was in Christ Jesus should be in us also,

can that be any other than the most hideous caricature of true religion, which tramples under its feet the pearls of decency and decorum, and stumbles over or breaks down the fences which are set to guard the proprieties and charities of social life? No! I repeat it, to want tact is to be without one of the most amiable ingredients of the Christian character. It is to fail in many of what some would call the lesser, but what I believe to be the finer, and therefore the more peculiar and characteristic, features of a heavenly mind. For it is not in great, but in little things, that the new nature is brought out and made apparent. Those who think otherwise resemble the simple clown, who considers a common clock of far more value than the finest watch, because the former is eight feet high, and is heard through all the house. On the great outlines of right and wrong, all creeds and classes will in a measure agree. But the true believer and child of light proclaims his parentage by graces which adorn his daily conversation, by all the charms and charities which constitute a happy home.

Who can calculate how much of that forwardness which want of tact occasions, would be corrected by Christian humility; how many random thrusts, and rash, inconsiderate sallies, would be avoided by habits of sober thought; how quick-sighted the mind would become in discerning the vulnerable points of others, if there were a real anxious desire to shun whatever could cause them even the slightest pain? But still higher motives would teach the Christian, that if he would win souls to God, no instrument has a sharper edge for the execution of that blessed work, than tact. It was this which enabled the great apostle to adapt himself to all the shades of character he met, to touch every chord of the human heart with a master's hand, and to be "made all things to all men, that he might by all means save some."

But lastly, and above all, who could continue insensible, as the tactless are, to the feelings of his neighbor, if it were his constant study and his prayer to grow, not only in the knowledge, but in the resemblance of the Lord Jesus Christ? For what was it that brought the Majesty of Heaven down to the low level of our nature? It was, doubtless, that in that nature which had sinned, He might offer to God a sacrifice for sin. But the Incarnation had another and no less important purpose to accomplish. It was, that the blessed Jesus might, as man, feel for man; that He might experimentally ascertain what passes in a human heart; that having "Himself suffered, being tempted, He might be able to succor them that are tempted." It was, in a word, to acquire that tact which sympathy alone can teach. It was this which qualified Him to be a merciful High Priest, who was "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." It was this which qualified Him to be the tender Shepherd of his sheep, and to lead them into pastures convenient for them; to "gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and quietly lead those that are with young." Such, finally, is the picture of that express image of God's person drawn by the hand of Him who cannot err: "Behold my servant, whom I have chosen; my Beloved, in whom my soul is well pleased; I will put my Spirit upon Him, and He shall show judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not strive nor cry; neither shall any man hear His voice in the streets. A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench, till He send forth judgment unto victory." x. w.

From Household Words.

# THE SHADOW OF THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Who is Gonzalves Zarco?

It is the beginning of June; the year 1419. Two small vessels are leaving the port of Lisbon. The Infant Don Henry waves his hand from the quay as the commander of the little expedition bows profoundly from the deck of the leading ship. That commander is Gonzalves Zarco. Let us pursue his shadow in companionship with that of Juan de Morales, his pilot.

Where is Gonzalves sailing when he trusts his ships to the broad bosom of the Atlantic? Where, without the guides of modern navigation? Charts he has none. He has heard that Marco Polo brought from China to Europe the knowledge of an instrument that invariably pointed to the North—but he doubts. He will hug the land as long as he can. The meridian sun and the polar star must direct him in his need. His business is to find the Isles of the West, of which ancient tradition imperfectly whispers. In 1418, Gonzalves was engaged in exploring the coasts of Africa. He was shipwrecked on a little island, which he will now endeavor again to reach.

The seas are calm; the days are bright and long. If the nights are dark, Gonzalves anchors. He is pretty certain of the course. In due time he reaches the small island of Porto Santo, in which, last year, he left two or three of his crew.

What is this strange relation which soon meets the ear of Gonzalves—a relation which is to give new ardor to his sagacious courage, but which has terrors for his superstitious seamen? On the north-east of the isle, there appears, at a long distance, a thick darkness—a motionless cloud—which hangs over the sea, and reaches to the sky. That region of darkness—is it not the abyss? There, is the boundary of this earth; and beyond, is the entrance to the Shades. Sometimes a distant murmur, as of troubled waters, comes across the sea. It is the rush of the mournful river of Acheron. Some say, that when the Christians fled from the oppression of the Moors and Saracens, they found an island of refuge in this ocean; and that from that time a mysterious cloud covered that island, so that no enemy could come near to harm them. Who shall dare to pierce that cloud, and solve these mysteries?

Gonzalves sits on the beach of Porto Santo, and looks again and again in the direction of that cloud. When the morning sun shines bright in the East, the cloud is there. When the moon climbs the sky, the cloudy distance is still visible. It never changes its place; its form is always the same. Gonzalves will take counsel of Juan de Morales.

Juan is many years younger than Gonzalves; yet his forehead is wrinkled with cares that scarcely belong to the young. He has passed his boyhood in captivity in Morocco. He has done servile offices up to the period of manhood. He has been chained to the oar, and rowed his taskmasters through many a perilous surf. There is something strange and mysterious about him. His messmates shun him, for they say he is a Castilian, and an enemy to Portugal. He has the Castilian steadiness, with more than Castilian reserve. Misfortune has not abased him; he carries himself as loftily as the proudest of his countrymen; and yet he is of a fairer complexion than

those countrymen, and he speaks their language with a singular mixture of other dialects, and even of other tongues. But that may come of his long captivity amongst Christian slaves of all lands. Juan is not popular; but Gonzalves has unbounded confidence in his pilot.

"Juan," says Gonzalves, "we will wait no longer. Hold you still your opinion?"

"My belief is ever the same. That dark mass, so defined and unchanging, is a mountainous land, seen through a constant mist."

"You have the confidence of knowledge, rather than of conjecture. Did you ever hear speak of such a mountainous land? In that quarter, leagues off, must lie the African deserts."

"I have no knowledge—except my dreams be knowledge. I dream of mountains, rising from the sea, covered with trees to the very summits; of ravines, where rivers come dashing down out of the mountain mists, and rush brightly to the ocean; of a narrow beach under the mountains, where the waves break wildly, and yet how beautifully!"

"Juan! you must have seen such a land!"

"Oh no! it is a dream—a dream of the poor ship-boy's loneliness."

"We will sail to-morrow, Juan."

"Good."

"Say nothing; but steer us right to the cloud."

The anchors are weighed in the dawn of a summer morning. A brisk breeze soon carries them away from Porto Santo. There is a man of importance on board, Francis Alcaforado, a squire of Don Henry's chamber. He is keeping a diary of that voyage—a busy, inquisitive man.

"Captain, where are you steering?"

"To look for the Isles of the West."

"But you are sailing towards the darkness!"

"I think they lie beyond the darkness."

"You are tempting Heaven. See, we are in the bosom of a mist. There is no sun in the sky. Change your course, Gonzalves."

"Sir, I must obey my commission."

"Look! there is something darker still in the distance."

"I have seen it before—it is land."

Juan is at the helm. He steers boldly through the mist. It is land. The sun is behind that mass of mountains. Juan must be cautious; there are rocks in that sea. Gonzalves orders out the boats. There is a loud murmuring of surf upon a shore not very distant. The sun is mounting out of the exhalation. The mist is rolling off. There are trees on the hills. The boats may near the shore. Glory to Saint Lawrence! That eastern cape first seen, and now doubled, shall be the Cape San Lourenço! All are joyful but Juan de Morales. It is not the land of his dreams. The crew gather round the pilot—and greet him well. But he is silent.

There is a streamlet gushing down to the sea. Gonzalves commands the crew to disembark. A priest goes with them. The water is blessed. The shore is blessed. The commander of the expedition proclaims that the mysterious cloud-land is a veritable possession of the King of Portugal.

And now they coast carefully along in their boats. They peer into the dark ravines, covered with everlasting forests. Again and again they land. Are there any inhabitants? Not a trace of human dwelling, not a foot-print, not a token that man has ever abided here. Birds of bright plumage fly fearlessly about them. They come to



a point where four rivers join in their course to the sea. They fill their flasks to carry that sparkling water to the banks of the yellow Tagus. They bring provisions on shore, and sit down in a green valley where gentle waterfalls are sparkling around. They penetrate a wood; the rough gales have torn up some trees. They elevate one tree, and form a cross; they kneel, and the priest gives his benediction. This point is Santa Cruz. They coast on; a tongue of land stretches far out—a shady covert. Suddenly a flight of jays darkens the air. This shall be Punta dos Gralhos, the point of jays. Further on, another tongue of land is covered with cedars, and this, with the Ponto dos Gralhos, forms a wooded bay. It shall be the bay of Cedars. Another valley is reached, and here Gonzalves makes an attempt to ascend the high ground, he sees enough to satisfy him that what he has discovered is an island. Again Gonzalves leads the way in his boat, and reaches an open space, where the land is not encumbered with the dense growth of timber that has everywhere else met their view. The sea-beach to the foot of the mountains is covered with fennel, the *funcho* of the Portuguese. This beach shall be called *Funchal*.

What has happened to Juan de Morales? He stirs not—he speaks not. He looks upon the sea—he looks on the ravine. Then he rushes to gaze upon the islets which the rivers of that valley have formed in their perennial courses; he smiles, he weeps; he sees something very like the land of his dreams.

The ships have followed the course of the boats; but at a wide berth from the land. They now come into the bay of Funchal, and anchor in the river; here will the crew next day take in wood and water. They cannot have a pleasanter harbor. They will sleep in security. The sea is smooth; the air is balmy. The watch is set; and Juan, though his duty is ended, is amongst the watchers. The ripple of the river seems a familiar sound. He listens, as if he expected some human voice to mingle with that murmur of waters. The moon rises. The wooded ravine lies before him in deep shadow; but here and there is a breadth of silvery light. Is that the figure of a man moving on the bright greensward? The sea breeze stirs the topmost branches of the cedars, and their shadows, Juan, make up the semblance of humanity.

On the morrow the island is again explored. No sign of cultivation—no trace of man. In the heart of the mountains there are mighty chasms, into which the torrents rush, and form gentle rivers. Cedars and chestnut trees rise into the foggy summits of the highest peaks. Myrtles clothe the precipitous declivities. Deep caverns have been dug into the sides of the rocks by the untiring sea. Hush! there is a noise as of the tread of men. A multitude of seals rush out from that hollow, with a sudden cry, and plunge into the waves. That point shall be Camara dos Lobos, the cave of seals. The navigation becomes more difficult. The surf is more dangerous on that rocky coast. Gonzalves will return to his ships in the bay of Funchal. He is eager to be once more in the Tagus; he has brave tidings for Don Henry. One such discovery is enough for a summer. But what shall he call this noble island? He takes council of the squire Alcaforado, who has been busy with his tablets incessantly. He will write a narrative of this prosperous voyage, which shall be deposited

in the archives of Portugal.\* The island shall be called Madeiro—the island of wood.

It is the summer of 1421, and Gonzalves Zarco is again embarking in the port of Lisbon.

The preparations for this voyage are very different from those of the expedition of 1419. One ship of considerable tonnage, is now employed. Large stores of provisions are taken into the hold—raisins, and olives, and casks of wine from Xeres and Oporto. There are live animals too in considerable numbers—sheep and goats, and a few mules. Cuttings of the choicest vines, and small plants from the orange groves, are carefully stowed, and duly watered. There are implements of husbandry, and artificers' tools—spades and axes, anvils and hammers. Tents are there for shelter; spears and bows for defence. There are the nets of the fisherman and of the fowler. But, in greater abundance than all, packages of clothing. A colony is to be founded.

Gonzalves comes on board with his two sons. They carefully inspect a little cabin, that is fitted up with unusual luxury. They are satisfied—they go on shore. Presently a litter appears, borne by four of the crew, who tread briskly under their load. Gonzalves walks before them. The litter is set down on the deck, and a delicate girl is lifted out by the sons of Gonzalves, and carried to the decorated cabin. She scarcely speaks—she is ill and exhausted. The ship is under way. Juan de Morales is again at the helm.

The heat of the day is over. The ship has dropped down the Tagus, and passed the bar. The distant vesper bell is sounding into the quiet evening. Anna Zarco is refreshed, and begs to be brought upon deck. A couch is made up at the stern. The sick girl speaks cheerfully to her father, as she watches the stars coming softly out of the blue sky. There is a light in the fort of St. Julian, which grows fainter and fainter as they sail on. Anna has fixed her lustrous eyes on that light. It is the last object that marks her native land. It is gone. It mingles with the stars. She looks in her father's face. A thought comes across him which forces a tear or two. Will Anna ever again see her birth-place! Will she reach her new home!

The ship's course is now direct to Madeiro. Every evening the feeble girl is brought upon the deck, and lies peacefully there, with her thin hand resting in the large rough palm of her father's. She listens with interest as the commander talks to his pilot. They talk of the beautiful island to which they are sailing, of its pleasant climate, its green woods, its sparkling streams. They will land at Funchal. They will run up their houses on that sheltered beach; their sheep and goats shall pasture in the green valley between the mountains. They will find clear sunny spots on the hill-sides to plant their vines; they will have an orange grove sheltered from the north, and will water their plants by channels from the river, whose streams will never fail. "Quintas" of olive

\* In 1671 was published, at Paris, "Relation Historique de la découverte de l'île de Madère," which professes to be a translation from a Portuguese book, of which the manuscript then existed. An abstract of this French work, which is the narrative of Francis Alcaforado, has been given in a new "Biographie Universelle," 1852. The French work is stated to be a book of the most extreme rarity, and no copy, it appears, is known to exist of the Portuguese original.

and maize shall flourish in that genial soil. They will have everything for comfort soon around them. Gonzalves has the command of the island—he will be a kind viceroy over few but happy subjects.

We see the shadow of Gonzalves, after he has landed, without storm or pirate to harm him during his passage. He has dwelt with his sons and his daughter for a short while in tents; but a house strong enough to stand against the Atlantic gales is soon built; it has abundance of conveniences; other houses are growing up around them. Friends have come with Gonzalves to settle with him. An ecclesiastic is here to teach and to console. Before the equinox the good ship is to return to Lisbon with a diminished crew—and a freight of native curiosities for Dom Henry, their patron.

Let us look at the shadow of Juan de Moraes in this interval of his sea-life. He comes on shore daily to assist his captain; he works at the buildings; he cuts timber; he dries the reeds and rushes of the water-courses for a ready thatch. Juan is handy; and seems to have an almost instinctive knowledge of the sweetest pastures for the sheep and the best soil for the corn and olives. But Juan has a gentler task to perform. Anna Zarco is grown strong enough to take exercise; Juan daily leads her mule up into the shady hills, or along the margin of the sea. Sometimes, when there is not a cloud in the sky, and there is a gentle ripple in the bay, Juan strows sweet rushes in his boat, on which Anna placidly lies, breathing the soft air with a sense of delight that is the herald of renovated health. Juan, then, tells her the seamen's stories of storm and wreck; of pirates who lie in wait for the defenceless merchant-ship—the enemies of all nations; of Moors, who, in their hatred of Christian people, fiercely attack every vessel that comes near their inhospitable coasts, and carry their crews to a life-long slavery. Juan tells her, too, of distant lands, for in his own captivity he has gathered much knowledge from other captives—of England, especially, and its great King Edward, and his wars in France. Of England Juan delights to talk; and when Anna asks him of his own life, before he was in slavery at Fez, he has a confused story, with something English in his recollections, which makes her think that he is not a Castilian, as the sailors say he is. Gonzalves is happy that his daughter is gaining such health in this daily life, and willingly does he spare his pilot to be her guide and companion; for in a few weeks Juan will return to Lisbon, and then, when the house is finished, and the quinta planted, he will lend her mule himself, and himself will row her, in bright autumn days under the shade of the mountains. There is a place about three miles off, where Anna's mule is often led by the pilot. He conducts her through a narrow defile, when suddenly they are in a valley—a mere chasm between the loftiest mountains—a solemn place, but one also of rare loveliness—for the basaltic rocks are clothed with evergreens, and the narrow, level plain has a smiling river running through its entire length. Juan delights to bring his tender charge to this secluded spot; but here he is ever more than usually silent.

One day, Anna looks in Juan's face, and sees that he has been weeping. There is one spot in that valley which he often stops at—a spot marked by a pile of stones. On this day Juan suddenly falls on his knees at this spot and prays for a minute. Anna is scarcely surprised, for Juan is a

mysterious man—quite unlike other seamen. She questions him.

"Juan, my kind nurse, for you have been as a nurse to me in my feebleness, why did you kneel, and why have you been weeping?"

"Senora! forgive me. I must not tell you. The knowledge that makes me weep is now little more than a vain memory. It has nothing in common with my present fortune. I shall sail again to Lisbon—perhaps never to come back. Do not ask me."

"But, Juan! I look on you as a brother. I am getting well under your care. Will you not confide in your sister?"

"Nay, lady! Yet I must speak. You will keep my secret. I believe that I knelt at my mother's grave!"

"Your mother's grave? How, Juan, could your mother ever come to this island, where never ships touched before my father's ship?"

"It is a wild story, an almost improbable story. But you shall hear it. My earliest memories, I once thought, were of my task-masters in Morocco, of whom I have before told you. I became a slave when I was four or five years old, as near as I may guess. There was a companion in my fate, who was kind to me—an English sailor. He taught me his language; he said he would one day tell me my own history. All that I knew was, that the ship in which he and I were sailing was captured by a corsair, and carried into Fez. I was in captivity twelve years; but I then escaped, and got to Spain. The infidels had made me a skillful seaman, and I had good knowledge of their coasts. After some time I went to Lisbon. I became your father's pilot. The Englishman and I had been soon separated; but he had told me something about an island in the west; and I gladly went with your father in quest of those western islands. When we came here two years ago, it seemed to me as if everything were familiar, but yet confused. I was in a dream. In the spring of this year an English vessel came into the Tagus. I talked with some of the crew. I spoke of our discovery of Madeiro, and of the prize it might be to the Crown of Portugal. An old sailor said that the Portuguese were not the first discoverers. I grew angry; but the Englishman was confident. I will repeat what he said:—

"The discoverer of that island was Robert Machin, my countryman. Robert Machin, a bold adventurer, won the love of Anne Arfet, the daughter of a Bristol merchant. His suit was rejected by the father; but Robert married her, and carried her off in his ship. They were bound for the Mediterranean, but missed their course. Their vessel foundered in the Atlantic; Machin and his wife were saved. They reached the wooded island, which you Portuguese have named Madeiro. They abode there three or four years; in utter solitude, but contented and happy. The wife then sickened and died. They had a little boy; but Robert could not endure that loneliness, and he dreaded now that he might die, and that the boy should perish. He resolved to leave the island as he had come to it. He stowed his boat with chestnuts, and with fish dried in the sun—the food on which he and his wife had always subsisted. It was a calm season, and he made good way. Off the coast of Morocco an English ship picked him up. I was the mate of that ship. Poor fellow! his toil and his grief had been too much for him. He died in a few weeks—his boy was

my charge. I was little use to him, for we were soon taken by a rover, and carried into Fez. I wish I could meet with that orphan boy. But that will never be!"

Anna Zarco blushes and trembles:—"I know the rest. You were that little boy; and this island is your inheritance, and not my father's discovery."

"Keep my secret, Anna. I love your father, and would not rob him of an atom of his honor."

#### A SCENE ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.

*See the Times, August 4th, 1852.*

"**DEY** must not pass!" was the warning cry of the Austrian sentinel  
To one whose little knapsack bore the books he loved so well.

"They must not pass? Now, wherefore not?" the wond'ring tourist cried;

"No English book can pass mit me," the sentinel replied.

The tourist laughed a scornful laugh; quoth he, "Indeed, I hope

There are few English books would please a Kaiser or a Pope;

But these are books in common use: plain truths and facts they tell—"

"**Der Teufel!** Den dey *most not* pass!" said the startled sentinel.

"This Handbook to North Germany, by worthy Mr. MURRAY,

Need scarcely put your government in such a mighty flurry;

If tourists' handbooks be proscribed, pray, have you ever tried

To find a treasonable page in *Bradshaw's Railway Guide?*

This map, again, of Switzerland—nay, man, you need n't start or

Look black at such a little map, as if 't were *Magna Charta*,

I know it is the land of **TELL**, but, curb your idle fury—

We've not the slightest hope, to-day, to find a **TELL** in your eye (*Uri*)."

"**Sturmwetter!**" said the sentinel, "Come! cease dis idle babbles!

Was ist dis oder book I see? Das Haus mit sieben Gabbles?

I nevvare heard of him bifer, ver mosh I wish I had, For now Ich kann nicht let him pass, for fear he should be bad.

Das Haus of Commons it must be; Ja wohl! 't is so, and den

Die Sieben Gabbles are de talk of your chief public men;

Potzmiekchen! it is dreadful books. Ja! Ja! I know him well;

Hoch Himmel! here he most not pass;" said the learned sentinel.

"Dis **PLATO**, too, I ver mosh fear, he will corrupt de land,

He has soch many long big words, Ich kann nicht on-derstand."

"My friend," the tourist said, "I fear you're really in the way to

Quite change the proverb, and be friends with neither Truth nor **PLATO**.

My books, 't is true, are little worth, but they have served me long,

And I regard the greatness less than the nature of the wrong;

So, if the books must stay behind, I stay behind as well."

"Es ist mir nichts, mein lieber Freund," said the courteous sentinel.

*Punch.*

Anna Zarco does not keep the secret from her father, who is a just man, and not unmindful of his daughter's happiness.

Juan de Morales does not return to Lisbon.

In a few years there is a pretty cottage, and a vineyard in the "Corral," where, not far from the tomb of stones, dwell other *Machins*, John and Anne, whose shadows are pleasant to look on.

#### "NEWS FROM VERONA!"

*Vide Times, Aug. 30, 1852.*

YE simple English travellers, who rave of sunny Italy, And long to see the many gems that in her every city lie,

Take warning by my hapless fate, lest, by a like mishap, you let

Yourselves be caught, as I was, in the city of the Capulet.

For in Verona recently, I chanced awhile to tarry, sirs!

And there, while sketching quietly the *Porta de Bosari*, sirs!

"**Spiatore!**" said a voice behind; and, looking o'er my shoulder, I

Beheld myself surrounded by a troop of German soldiery.

"**Spy a Tory!** that you don't, my friends," said I, "for I'm a Liberal!"

But, bless you! at the word they soon began to rave and gibber all;

I cannot sketch in company, and strove from them to clear myself,

Which made them jabber more and more, till I could scarcely hear myself.

One swarthy fellow seized the chalks I bought in town of Ackerman;

My drawing-book, with all its "bits," was collared by a blacker man;

They took me to their officer, and, in a mighty tiff he sent

Me off to muse in prison on "*Verona the Magnificent*."

They put me in the common cell, damp, filthy, dark, and dreary, sir!

They gave me naught to eat or drink, though I was faint and weary, sir!

They kept me in the dirt all night to study *Entomology*, And let me out next afternoon, without the least apology.

And though they've not the slightest right a Briton to oppress at all,

From ne'er a fellow in the place could I obtain redress at all;

Though *Shakspeare* wrote about the town, he never could have known her, man!

For you could n't find "*Two Gentlemen*" to-day in all Verona, man!

If at the Foreign Office, now, we had but good Lord Palmerston,

Each blustering Austrian officer would soon be forced to calm his tone;

But *Malmesbury*, in jobs like these so wofully mis-carries, sir!

Complaints to him are little more than complaints to *Mrs. Harris*, sir!

And so I pocket up my wrongs, and strive to take them coolly, yet

I'm sure when'er I look again on *Romeo and Juliet*,

When poor Verona's civil strife *Mercutio's* wrath arouses, man!

More vex'd than he, I shall exclaim, "*A Plague on all your houses, man.*"

*Punch.*

From the Christian Remembrancer.

*Japan; an Account, Geographical and Historical, &c.* By CHARLES MAC FARLANE. London: Routledge. 1852.

IN defiance of Mr. Mac Farlane's assertion to the contrary, we maintain that even educated persons know little or nothing about Japan. And yet it is called an empire, and Mr. McCulloch assures us that it contains 50,000,000 inhabitants; its population we believe actually reaches to half this amount. As far as general impressions go, the ordinary floating feeling—we cannot call it knowledge—about Japan is, that it seems to realize a good deal the notions conveyed by Swift's Flying Island. We get to think of it as of some Atlantis of the East; a mystery and marvel seldom or very partially revealed to the sons of men. We hear of it as a place surrounded by prejudice as by a wall of brass; a polity complete and total in itself; a great exception to the family of mankind; like the fabled river of antiquity, it is a people which flows through the ocean of society but never mingles with the common stream of humanity. And then the whole world takes offence at this. While we are writing, the government of the United States is meditating an expedition to compel Japan to be neighborly and civil, and to observe the conventional Law of Nations; that is to say, Western civilization is resolved to open out Japan—not for the sake of Japan, but for the necessities of Western civilization.

It is argued that no nation has a right to occupy an exceptional position; that commerce is like the air, a chartered libertine; that no people has a right to say, I will not trade with others, except upon my own terms. If the Japanese systematically refused food and water, and the means of repairs to ships, we should say that the American claim was not unreasonable. No nation has a right to block up the highway and to prevent legitimate traffic with others. If it does not choose to trade itself, it must not present an hindrance to trading with others. It is very well to say that Japan must be treated as though it did not exist, and that our proper course is to take it upon its own grounds, and simply avoid it. But common sense revolts at this theorizing; the Japanese Empire lies right across some fifteen degrees of latitude; it is a physical obstruction if it does not conform to the natural laws of mankind. Navigation involves certain abstract rights, which are not so much a matter of common consent as of antecedent natural justice. A ship in distress has claims for water, wood, and fresh provisions, and for means of refitting and repairing accidents. These claims are not a matter of political agreement, but are physical results from the mere constitution of the planet. And in this sense, and for fundamental elementary necessities, the earth and sea are common property. But as a fact, Japan does not refuse these elementary rights. To take only our own vessels; in 1791 the "Argonaut" received wood and water. The "Providence" landed its crew for nautical observations on the coast of Yesso, and refitted. The "Phaeton," Captain "Pellaw," in the early part of the present century took in water. The "Samarang" was in 1845 supplied with stores by the Japanese authorities; and magnetic observations were, though very reluctantly, permitted. In 1849, Captain Mackinon, of H. M. S. "Mariner," received vegetables and water from the islanders.

What the Japanese decline is, to trade with any other country except on their own terms. Acutely enough, they guard against the slightest violation of their principle of exclusion. In all the cases which we have mentioned payment for supplies sent on board was refused. The transaction was one of natural charity, not commerce. Under those circumstances the question is simply whether we can, or ought to, force such a people to trade with us whether they like it or not. The vague series of conventionalisms known as the Law of Nations, has certainly never been accepted by Japan. Vattel is not a text-book at Jeddo, nor even in Bundum, which Peter Heylyn affirmed to be "an university bigger than Paris." We hardly think that it is fair to quote Puffendorf and Grotius to a community of this sort. And it is difficult to pick a quarrel with Japan. If the Japanese refused assistance to a shipwrecked vessel, this might be the pretext for forcing their ports. As it stands, all that the American president can say is, "Japan is within twenty days' sail of California; Japan has coal, and it would be very useful to our steamers; Japan has admirable productions, both natural and manufactured; the States have the same; reciprocity and trade are very good things; friendly commercial intercourse is a great blessing," &c. But as the Japanese cannot or will not see this, the serious question remains, whether there is any inherent right in one nation, or in all the nations of the earth collectively, to force an outstanding member of mankind into the commercial brotherhood. Speech is a great blessing, and necessary to the existence of society, but if any individual is so sulky or so unmanageable as to decline conversation, we doubt the natural right in his neighbor to make him talk.

Nor are our doubts lessened when we survey the anomalous and extraordinary history of Japan. It was unknown to recent research, till the noble Venetian, Marco Polo, at the end of the thirteenth century, noticed it. The first European who seems to have visited it was Fernam Mendez Pinto, the Portuguese adventurer, whose name, very unjustly, has been considered equivalent to mendacity itself. This visit was in 1542; the Portuguese were most hospitably received, and allowed free traffic. Seven years after a fugitive Japanese fled to Goa, and was converted to Christianity. The Portuguese, combining worldly wisdom with a deep sense of spiritual duties, at once saw the opening both for trade and the Gospel which Japan afforded; and as early as 1551 the splendid and successful mission of Xavier to Japan had been terminated by the Jesuit apostle's death. Fifty churches and tens of thousands of converts composed the Japanese church of twenty years later. During the whole of this time—

The Portuguese—mariners, merchants, padres, and all—were received with open arms, not only at Bungo, but at whatsoever other part of the empire they chose to repair unto. The local governments and the minor princes, who then enjoyed a considerable degree of independence, vied with each other in inviting them to their ports and towns. They went wherever they pleased, from one extremity of the empire to the other, and by land as well as by sea. The merchants found a ready and a most profitable market for their goods; the missionaries, an intellectual, tolerant people, very willing to listen to the lessons which they had to teach them. There was no one established, dominant religion in the country; the most ancient faith was split into sects; and there



were at least three other religions imported from foreign countries, and tolerated in the most perfect manner. Moreover, a faith said to be of Braminical origin, and which had been imported from India, was at the time widely spread among the people. This faith bore so near a resemblance to the doctrines introduced by the Portuguese, that it must have greatly favored their reception. It appears to have comprised the existence, death, and resurrection of a Saviour born of a virgin, with almost every other essential dogma of Christianity, including the belief in the Trinity. If this be a true statement and correct description, and if we then add to it the tradition, that this form of religion was introduced under the reign of the Chinese emperor, Minti, who ascended the throne in about the fiftieth year of the Christian era, can we avoid admitting the conclusion, that some early apostle reached the eastern extremity of Asia, if not the islands themselves of Japan? Then the pomp and impressive ceremonials of the Roman church, and the frequency of its services, delighted the impressionable Japanese, who, in all probability, would have paid far less attention to a simpler form of worship. The first missionaries, moreover, were men of exemplary lives—modest, virtuous, disinterested, and most tender and charitable to the poor and afflicted. They sought out cases of distress; they attended the sick; and some knowledge they possessed of the superior science of medicine, as practised by the most advanced nations of Europe, was frequently of great benefit to the natives, and another means of facilitating their conversion. Xavier quitted Japan for China in 1551, and died on the second of December of the following year, at Shan-Shan, on the Canton river, not far from Macao; but he left able and enthusiastic missionaries behind him, and others soon repaired to the country.—*Mac Farlane's Japan*, pp. 4-7.

Without discussing Mr. Mac Farlane's assumption of an apostolic journey to Japan, it is unquestionable that Nestorian missionaries had penetrated into China at a very early period. The celebrated inscription proves this. Whether Buddhism, which is not the original religion of Japan, is, according to a singular conjecture, a diabolic anticipation of Christianity, or whether much of its present rites and doctrines are not rather corruptions of the Gospel, it is enough to feel convinced that Buddhism does present in itself a singular caricature and distortion of the Gospel. It does not quite appear whether the Japanese Christians were converts from Buddhism, or from the older and national religion of the Sintoos, which seems to differ little from the common Indian systems. The question would be important whether such a resemblance as Buddhism offers of Christianity would be an aid or an obstacle to conversion? The fact, however, remains, that in less than half a century from its rediscovery, Japan was at free commercial intercourse with the whole western world, and was the seat of a flourishing and promising church. Before, therefore, we are so especially angry with the Japanese for their seclusion from the world, the inquiry is of immense interest, how the present state of things came about, and who is responsible for it.

It is plain that two hundred and fifty years ago the Japanese ports were open to all ordinary commercial intercourse. The Portuguese had a monopoly of it, chiefly because they had competitors. Such, however, presented themselves with the seventeenth century. One William Adams, an Englishman, sailed as pilot to a "fleet of Hollanders," equipped for the Indian trade in 1598.

During this voyage a storm brought him to the Japanese coast. But strange vessels had at that period become suspicious. It is undeniable that Dutch and English ships, if not avowedly buccanniers, acted very piratically. The obligation of treaties ceased at the line. On the Spanish main it was simply Rob Roy's law. We can quite therefore account for and admit "the evil report made by the Portuguese of the English and Dutch." The Portuguese could not esteem them as other than pirates. The consequence was that William Adams was detained in Japan until the day of his death. But he did his work; he opened the trade to his Dutch friends, who, in 1609, "came to the court of the emperor, where they were in great friendship received, conditioning with the emperor to send yearly a ship or two; the first of which, arriving in 1611, was well received, and with great kindness entertained."

When we say that the Japanese ports and commerce were open to all traders, it must not be understood that, two hundred and fifty years ago, either in Japan or anywhere else was trade carried on with that freedom from local restraints which now generally prevails. What we mean is, that, under regulations, any European community might have got a commercial footing in Japan. Trade was then generally conducted by corporations and factories rather than by individual enterprise. Even in our own East India trade, up to a comparatively recent period, the quantity of exports and imports was fixed. It was at that time considered necessary to keep up prices by restricting trade. To throw tea and spices overboard is a practice not yet forgotten. It is quite conceivable, therefore, how early in the seventeenth century commercial intercourse with Japan might be free; and yet with a restriction on the number of vessels and amount of commodities permitted to enter its ports.

Before the year 1620, then, the Portuguese and Dutch factories were established side by side on a small island, called Firando, looking over the Korean straits. They were not likely to prove themselves pleasant neighbors or agreeable guests. Of course in those days the Dutch in Portuguese eyes appeared only as heretics, if not atheists; while the Dutch returned the compliment by stigmatizing their brother Christians as mere idolaters. The mutual hatred and suspicions existing between Holland and Portugal were not likely to impress the calm and inquiring Japanese with exalted notions either of Christians in general or Europeans in particular. Nor were the native Christians such as had kindled under Xavier's words of fire, or had melted before his glow of love. Persecution had commenced on the part of the heathen; the Christian orders were divided against each other; Dominican and Franciscan were mutually misrepresented, and stumbling-blocks innumerable were thrown in the Japanese path to the Gospel, and this we fear by Christian hands. The sad history of the proscription of the Gospel in Japan may be told in few words. The Christians may have become rapacious; but it is certain that old powerful heathenism at last found out that toleration of Christianity was in the end treason to Buddhism and Sintoism. No religions could coexist with the Cross. Christianity must be accepted or destroyed. The Japanese nationalists preferred the latter part of the alternative. The arrival of more missionaries was first forbidden; then conversions were prohibited; at last, a persecution

terrible as that of Decius commenced. In 1614 the native converts who would not recant were crucified and tortured; the churches were destroyed; the schools closed, and the profession of Christianity in a Japanese declared illegal. Hitherto the foreign Christians had not been persecuted; but Portuguese missionaries were constantly evading the law. The commercial result was the restriction of foreign trade to the little Island of Desima.

But worse remained. A real, or suspected, plot against the Japanese government, said to have been entered into by the Japanese Christians, implicated the Portuguese. It is curious, to say the least, that the documentary evidence of this plot was found in "a Portuguese ship captured by the Dutch." Whether the Dutch invented the plot, or only took advantage of it, we cannot pronounce. It is indisputable that they denounced it to the Japanese government; and the result was, that the Portuguese were banished forever from Japan and its dependencies. Nor was this all. From 1637 commenced the exclusive policy of the Japanese of which Europeans complain. The proclamation which decreed that "the whole race of the Portuguese, with their mothers, nurses, and whatever belongs to them, shall be banished forever," goes on to set forth—

That no Japanese ship or boat, or any native of Japan, should henceforth presume to quit the country under pain of forfeiture and death; that any Japanese returning from a foreign country should be put to death; that no nobleman or soldier should be suffered to purchase anything of a foreigner; that any person presuming to bring a letter from abroad, or to return to Japan after he had been banished, should die, with all his family, and that whosoever presumed to intercede for such offenders should be put to death, &c.; that all persons who propagated the doctrines of the Christians, or bore that scandalous name, should be seized and immured in the common gaol, &c. A reward was offered for the discovery of every padre or priest, and a smaller reward for the discovery of every native Christian.—*Ibid.*, p. 48.

Here it is obvious to remark, that whichever version of this incident is true, whether the Portuguese did enter into a political plot against the Japanese government, or whether the Dutch, out of mere jealousy to Portugal, invented the conspiracy, and the Portuguese complicity with it, the result is the same. The Japanese expelled Europeans, and restricted their intercourse with the whole world, on account of European intrigue. They acted in self-defence. Their policy might be short-sighted and bigoted; but the Europeans compelled it. We are only witnessing and suffering under the untoward results of the duplicity and intrigues, or the treachery and bigotry, of the seventeenth century.

This was the hour of temptation to the Dutch, and they were not proof against it. Bitter rivals both in commerce and religion to the Portuguese, they did all they could to exasperate the contest between the Portuguese and Japanese. If they did not cause the Portuguese expulsion, they mainly contributed to it; and this under the most discreditable and degrading circumstances. Though nominally a dispute between Japan and Portugal, it was, in fact, a controversy between Heathenism and Christianity. The Dutch took their side and kept it. They ranged themselves with persecution and apostasy. We avail ourselves of Mr. Mac Farlane's judgment in the case, and he is not a prejudiced witness:—

Though deprived of their padres, or European teachers, and though menaced, not only with imprisonment, but also with torture and death, the converts persevered in their faith. Oppression drove them into open rebellion; and they took refuge, and made an heroic stand against the troops of the emperor in the province of Simabara. The imperial government called upon the Dutch to assist them in their war against these Christians; and the Dutch promptly gave the aid required of them. The fact is admitted by all their own countrymen who have written about Japan, from their first writers in the middle of the seventeenth century, down to the year 1833. M. Fischer, the very last on the list, says that the Dutch were compelled to join in the persecution against the stubborn remnant of that Christian host. Others would soften the matter by saying that the Dutch only supplied the heathen Japanese with gunpowder and guns, taught them a little artillery practice, and sent ammunition, arms, and troops in their ships to the scene of action. But Kämpfer, who was only a German in the Dutch service, most distinctly and positively assures us that the Christian traders acted as auxiliaries and belligerents. The stronghold of the native Christians was an old fortified place, which the emperor's troops could not take.

"The Dutch, upon this, as friends and allies of the emperor, were requested to assist the Japanese in the siege . . . M. Kockebeck, who was then director of the Dutch trade and nation, having received the emperor's orders to this purpose, repaired thither without delay, on board a Dutch ship, lying at anchor in the harbor of Firando (all the other ships, perhaps upon some intimation given, that some such request was like to be made to them from court, set sail but the day before), and within a fortnight's time he battered the old town with 426 cannon-balls, both from on board his ship and from a battery which was raised on shore, and planted with some of his own guns. This compliance of the Dutch, and their conduct during the siege, was entirely to the satisfaction of the Japanese, and although the besieged seemed in no manner of forwardness to surrender, yet, as by this cannonading they had been very much reduced in number, and their strength greatly broken, M. Kockebeck had leave at last to depart, after they had obliged him to land six more of his guns for the use of the emperor."

A recent writer, a right-hearted and right-minded American, says—"The walls of Simabara were unquestionably battered by the Dutch cannon, and its brave defenders were slaughtered. Some apology might be made for this cooperation at the siege of Simabara, had its defenders been the countrymen of Alva, or Requesens, or John of Austria, or Alexander Farnese. But truth requires that the measures of Kockebeck should be regarded as the alternative, which he deliberately preferred to the interruption of the Dutch trade."

It appears that the siege was converted into a long and close blockade, and that when the indomitable converts of Xavier were reduced, and in good part exterminated by famine, a storm and an atrocious massacre ensued, none being spared, because none would recant and beg quarter; but men, women, and children being all butchered in heaps. In this war of religion, according to the most moderate estimate, there fell on both sides 40,000 men. According to the papists, the number of native Christians alone was far greater than this, and all the atrocities and horrors of the Diocletian persecution were repeated, exaggerated, and prolonged. The magnitude of the holocaust does indeed afford some measure of the depth and tenacity with which Christianity, in its Roman form, had struck its roots into the soil.

Over the vast common grave of the martyrs was set up this impious inscription:—"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to

come to Japan ; and let all know, that the King of Spain himself, or the Christians' God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."—*Ibid.*, pp. 49—52.

The Dutch, however, were disappointed in their hopes ; they derived less benefit from their intrigues and apostasy than they expected. One of themselves, Kämpfer, admits this :—

By this submissive readiness to assist the emperor in the execution of his designs, with regard to the final destruction of Christianity in his dominions, it is true, indeed, that we stood our ground so far as to maintain ourselves in the country, and to be permitted to carry on our trade, although the court had then some thoughts of a total exclusion of all foreigners whatsoever. But many generous and noble persons, at court and in the country, judged unfavorably of our conduct. It seemed to them inconsistent with reason that the Dutch should ever be expected to be faithful to a foreign monarch, and one, too, whom they looked upon as a heathen, whilst they showed so much forwardness to assist him in the destruction of a people with whom they agreed in the most essential parts of their faith (as the Japanese had been well informed by the Portuguese monks), and to sacrifice to their own worldly interests those who followed Christ in the very same way, and hoped to enter the kingdom of heaven through the same gate. These are expressions which I have often heard from the natives, when the conversation happened to turn upon this mournful subject. In short, by our humble complaisance and connivance, we were so far from bringing this proud and jealous nation to any greater confidence, or more intimate friendship, that, on the contrary, their jealousy and mistrust seemed to increase from that time. They both hated and despised us for what we had done. In the year 1641, soon after the total expulsion of the Portuguese, and the suppression of Christianity among the natives, we were ordered to quit our comfortable factory at Firando, and to confine ourselves, under a very rigid inspection, to the small islet of Desima, which is more like a prison than a factory. So great was the covetousness of the Dutch, and so strong the alluring power of the Japanese gold, that rather than quit the prospect of a trade (indeed most advantageous), they willingly underwent an almost perpetual imprisonment, for such in fact is our residence at Desima, and chose to suffer many hardships in a foreign and heathen country, to be remiss in performing divine service on Sundays and solemn festivals, to leave off praying and singing of psalms, entirely to avoid the sign of the cross, the calling upon the name of Christ in presence of the natives, and all the outer signs of Christianity ; and lastly, patiently and submissively to bear the abusive and injurious behavior of these proud infidels towards us, than which nothing can be offered more shocking to a generous and noble mind.—*Ibid.*, pp. 52—54.

To this miserable islet, Desima, the Dutch are confined ; the island is only 600 feet long, and is joined to the Japanese city, Nagasaki, by a bridge, strongly guarded. The most rigid watch is held on the Dutch ; no females are allowed in their community. Their vessels are searched, the guns and ammunition removed, and the crews are only allowed "to refresh themselves" in this filthy prison, Desima ; a fit punishment for their treason to the faith and their brethren. They have the gold for which they bartered the gospel duties, but it is poured molten down their throats. With respect to their practical renunciation of Christianity, we follow Mr. Mac Farlane :—

All who serve the Dutch, or have any close dealings with them, are bound to take a solemn oath of renun-

ciation and hatred of the Christian religion, once, twice, or even three times a year ; and, at least at one of these ceremonies, they are made to trample under foot crosses and crucifixes, with the image of the Redeemer upon them. The ill-meant, mocking, impious jests of Voltaire, as to the Dutch going through the same ceremony, may not have been, at every period, quite destitute of truth. As Lutherans or Presbyterians they may have entertained no more reverence for crosses and crucifixes and images of saints, than was felt by our English Puritans, who, in the days of their prepotency, found a rude delight in destroying such articles, and treating them with every imaginable disrespect. The Portuguese, when driven to despair through their hated rivals, nearly involved the Dutch in their own ruin by announcing to the imperial government that they were Christians like themselves. It behoved the Dutch to convince the Japanese that there was the widest difference between them ; that they belonged to a sect quite hostile to that of the Portuguese ; that they hated Pope, Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, and all manner of monks and priests. We can, therefore, easily credit that, if put by the Japanese government to that test, the Dutchmen would not much scruple to trample upon the cross in the manner described by Voltaire. A bigoted Presbyterian would even find a pleasure in so doing. An old Nangasackian joke is, that a Dutchman, at the time of the great persecution, being surprised in some place by the Japanese police, and being asked whether he were a Christian, replied, "No ! I am a Dutchman." We fear, indeed, that after any lengthened residence in the country, such religion as these Dutchmen carried with them was almost wholly evaporated. The life led in their prison at Nagasaki was little calculated to foster devotional feelings. Kämpfer says that in his time they lived like a set of heathens—that the principles of Christianity were so little conspicuous in their lives and actions, that the Japanese were absurd in fearing that they would attempt the conversion of the heathens.—*Ibid.*, pp. 57—58.

After this Mr. Mac Farlane must have ventured upon a gentle jest, when he goes on to observe : "But good and religious men have gone through this ordeal without any detriment to their faith or morals ; so let not these remarks be taken as uncharitable, or as disrespectful to the Dutch."

It is, perhaps, fortunate for us that we were never subjected to the like temptations. The history of the English commercial intercourse with Japan does not admit of abridgment, and it is curious as an almost solitary instance of English failure in trade :—

Through the help and admirable diplomacy of Adams, a commercial treaty, or a series of privileges, more favorable than any ever enjoyed by Portuguese or by Dutch, was granted to the English, and apparently without any demur or delay on the part of the imperial court.

The first article in these original privileges of 1613 runs thus :—"We give free license to the King of England's subjects, Sir Thomas Smith, Governor, and Company of the East India Merchants, forever, safely to come into any our ports or empire of Japan, with their ships and merchandise, without hindrance to them or their goods ; and to abide, buy, sell, and barter, according to their own manner, with all nations ; and to tarry so long as they will, and depart at their pleasure."

The second article exempted English goods from all manner of customs or duties ; the third granted to the English full freedom of building houses in any part of the empire, which houses, at their departure, they might freely sell ; the fourth article placed the property of any English subject that might die in the

empire under the sole control of the captain, merchant, or English resident, and exempted entirely all English subjects, whatever their offences, from the somewhat summary process of Japanese law; and the three remaining articles were all in the same liberal and most friendly spirit.

These privileges were, however, somewhat modified in 1616, when the English, wherever they might arrive on the coast, were ordered to repair immediately to the port and town Firando, there to sell their merchandise, and not to stay at, or trade in, any other port whatsoever. But it was ordered at the same time, that, in case of contrary winds or bad weather, the English ships might abide in any other port, without paying anchorage duties; and the people were enjoined to treat such ships in a friendly manner, and to sell them whatsoever they might require. At the same time, all the other valuable privileges of 1613 were confirmed. Captain Cook, who established himself at Firando, and remained in the country long after the departure of Saris, paid more than one visit to the imperial court at Jeddo.

Our factory at Firando, or rather, perhaps, those who managed their shipments in England, made an injudicious selection of merchandise, sending out commodities which were not in request in that country. In this manner the trade was conducted, rather at a loss than profit; and this, with some other circumstances of discouragement, induced the East India Company prematurely to abandon the experiment.

"Of the English," says a recent English writer (Rundall), "it is simply to be observed, that in their commercial project they failed, and that they retired with honor, and regretted, from the scene of their misadventure." In the year 1623, after upwards of 40,000*l.* had been uselessly expended, they entirely withdrew from that country and trade.—*Ibid.*, pp. 66—69.

From that time to the present the Japanese have maintained their policy, not, as we have said, without justification. And we have been thus minute in our historical statement, because we doubt whether here or in the United States much is known of the antecedents of the present state of things in Japan.

We were attracted to the name of Japan chiefly on account of the commercial interests involved in the proposed American expedition to these islands. Proposed, we say, for we have not heard much of it lately. If this expedition is undertaken as one of aggression, we cannot doubt but that the Americans, fertile in expedients for aggrandizement, will find some occasion for mortal quarrel with the poor islanders. One presents itself in *limine*: it is the practice of the Japanese authorities to surround all foreign ships on their arrival with a triple circle of guard-boats. A ship-of-war may not unreasonably regard this as an insult. A *casus-belli* is at once established; and a pretext for a collision given. A lesson is to be read; the Japanese towns are battered, and immense destruction of life and property ensues. The local authorities, military and civil, are held responsible at the seat of government. With one consent they all rip up their bowels—the proscribed method of suicide—in atonement for neglect of duty. The Americans occupy and retain an island on the coast; the old story between China and England is repeated, and free-trade and the Gospel once more enter Japan, through seas of blood. Whether in either case, that of China or Japan, the best course is adopted, either for recommending our commercial policy or our religion in these places may be questioned.

But having reached Japan, we may as well sur-

vey the mysterious region to which an isolated circumstance has transferred some share of public curiosity. The islands forming the combined Japanese and Kurile archipelago are of considerable length, and very scanty width. Adopting Humboldt's parallel view of the original conformation of the Atlantic islands as the summits of a submerged chain of mountains, it seems not improbable that a similar origin may be given to the Japanese group, which is only a single member of a prolonged chain of volcanic peaks, ranging from Kamschatka through the Aleutian, Japanese and Philippine Islands, down to the southern tropic. They are all volcanic—indeed, some are active volcanoes; and they present an axis more or less parallel with that of the coast. This gives a great diversity of climate; and, as is well known, by the variation in the isothermal lines, the cold region comes down very far on the eastern coast of Asia. The Japanese possessions, therefore, range from a semi-tropical climate to one approaching to that of Kamschatka. We read of the bamboo as indigenous to Japan, and most extensively used; the camphor-tree and tea-tree are grown in the most southern islands, but the Kurile islands, to which the empire extends, have no better climate than that of Norway. This accounts for the very different terms in which travellers describe Japan—at one time as the chosen seat of fog and frost and storm, at another, as equal to the garden of the Hesperides.

Mr. Mac Farlane, in what he says of the physical geography of Japan, is neither scientific nor consecutive. Indeed, in the absence of any detailed account, we are left to pick up such information from the most scanty and scattered intimations of various writers. At Nagasaki, the southern port, the thermometer is said to range between 35° and 98° Fahrenheit. At Jeddo, the capital, snow falls every year. The population of this place was once reckoned at 2,000,000. It is doubtless a large place, and larger because it is built after the old Oriental type, in which, as in the interior cities of China, as we learn from Mr. Fortune, vast open spaces are enclosed within the walls.

There is a largeness and roundness in the older oriental descriptions, which certainly satisfies the mind and fills it with a composing sense of breadth and magnitude. Japan, as described, is no exception. Everything seems to be on the most imposing scale. Miaco, the ecclesiastical capital, contains precisely, we are assured, 6000 temples. Marco Polo speaking of Japan, which he dignifies with the sonorous name of Zipangu, assures us that the great "palace was roofed with gold considerably thick—covered with it as we cover churches with lead." The palace of the Kobo with its gardens is, we are assured, eight miles in circumference; this palace must be of the same aspect as that which

In Xanadu did Kublai Khan  
A stately pleasure-house decree,  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran.

But there are no rivers of any size in Japan; the narrowness of the islands and the general bearing of the elevation preventing it. The Funsi Jamma, compared to the Pico in Teneriffe, is the highest volcanic peak, and is said to be 12,000 feet high; the height indeed of the Pico—which is only 3,000 feet short of that of Mount Blanc. It cannot be so high as this, for the Dutch speak of "the



snow seldom melting on it." We conceive that in such a climate as that of Jeddo, near which the mountain is laid down in the maps, the line of perpetual snow must be below 12,000 feet. The largest island, Nippon, is in length 900 miles; the greatest width of any of the group is about 100 miles.

The government of Japan is remarkable; it recalls the double kings of Sparta—dare we say of Brentford? There is a Secular Emperor, the Kobo, and an Ecclesiastical Emperor, the Mikado or Daiiri, who reign coördinately. Such at least is the common account; but one which we cannot assent to put in this vague way. The government was a sort of theocracy, because an especial sanctity was attached to the person who reigned. In all early states of society the sacerdotal and kingly offices were considered identical. The emperor ruled by divine right and by inheritance, and was the representative descendant of the gods; we do not find, as in the later developments of Buddhism, that he was an incarnation of the Divinity. In fact, this latter view (the Thibetan) may only have arisen from the literal translation of a metaphor. But as in Thibet so in Japan, the theocracy was a convenient theory for the aristocracy of the sacerdotal caste. The emperor in Japan, or the Dalai Lama in Thibet, seems to lead the life of the Lucretian gods. The Mikado lives shut up in his palace, "with one wife and twelve concubines, plenty of paper, books, and music." But the dignity is dreary enough.

Even to this day (says Kämpfer), the princes descended from the family, more particularly those who sit on the throne, are looked upon as persons most holy in themselves, and as Popes by birth. And in order to preserve these advantageous notions in the minds of their subjects, they are obliged to take an uncommon care of their sacred persons, and to do such things, which, examined according to the customs of other nations, would be thought ridiculous and impertinent. It will not be improper to give a few instances. The ecclesiastical emperor thinks that it would be very prejudicial to his dignity and holiness to touch the ground with his feet; for this reason, when he intends to go anywhere, he must be carried thither on men's shoulders. Much less will they suffer that he should expose his sacred person to the open air; and the sun is not thought worthy to shine on his head. There is such a holiness ascribed to all parts of the body, that he dares to cut off neither his hair, nor his beard, nor his nails. However, lest he should grow too dirty, they may clean him in the night when he is asleep; because they say that what is taken from his body at that time hath been stolen from him, and that such a theft doth not prejudice his holiness or dignity. In ancient times, he was obliged to sit on the throne for some hours every morning, with the imperial crown on his head, but to sit altogether like a statue, without stirring either hands, or feet, head or eyes, nor indeed any part of his body, because, by this means, it was thought that he could preserve peace and tranquillity in his empire; for if, unfortunately, he turned himself on one side or the other, or if he looked a good while towards any part of his dominions, it was apprehended that war, famine, fire, or some other great misfortune, was near at hand to desolate the country. But it having been afterwards discovered, that the imperial crown was the palladium which, by its immobility, could preserve peace in the empire, it was thought expedient to deliver his imperial person, consecrated only to idleness and pleasure, from this burthensome duty, and therefore the crown, alone, is at present placed on the throne for several hours every morning.

His virtials must be dressed every time in new pots, and served at table in new dishes; both are very clean and neat, but made only of common clay, that, without any considerable expense, they may be laid aside, or broken, after they have served once. They are generally broken, for fear they should come into the hands of laymen; for they believe religiously, that if any layman should presume to eat his food out of these sacred dishes, it would swell and inflame his mouth and throat. The like ill effect is dreaded from the Daiiri's sacred habits; for they believe that if a layman should wear them without the emperor's express leave or command, they would occasion pains in all parts of his body.—*Ibid.*, pp. 171-173.

But what is really an exceptional case is, this theocracy descends occasionally to females, and that the spiritual emperor may be, in short, an empress. The throne, when vacant, is filled by a nominee of the Council; that is, the Pope is elected by the Cardinals. Elected we say, for though the succession is nominally in a right line, yet the council determines who is the nearest heir, which, in a country where polygamy is permitted, opens a large door to external interest.

The rise of the secular emperor seems to have been this:—Japan was a strictly feudal state; the separate dukes and counts, as we should call them, only paid a nominal obedience to the spiritual emperor. Then arose, as in Europe, the great struggle between the Suzerain and the independent holders of fiefs. We all know how it terminated in Europe, by the king calling into existence a burgher, or middle class, and throwing himself on the municipalities. The kings of France and England dissolved the powerful confederacies of the nobles—in Japan matters took the opposite course. In feudal countries there will always be some prominent baron, some Warwick or the like, who holds the real sway. He commands the army in the West—in the East he is Vizier. It requires but a single step to make the office of Mayor of the Palace hereditary; this process was effected in Japan, and the Ziogun, the officer who held this dignity, though he did not at first assume the imperial name, soon acquired all the real power of the empire. The first Ziogun assumed office about the middle of the twelfth century, so that some strange political affinity and change in social relations was working on the Seine and in Nippon at the same time. He was not then, nor is he now, theoretically joint emperor with the Daiiri; he is only the secular king. He held all the real power, but a certain theoretical supremacy is reserved to the Daiiri, or Mikado, the ecclesiastical emperor. It was not till 1585 that the title Ziogun, General-in-Chief, was expanded into that of Kobo, which is the present appellation of the (so called) secular emperor. It is only in this sense that Japan has two emperors; that Church and State both bear imperial sway, and that a conjoint, yet separate dynasty, celestial and terrestrial, rules without collision or interference. Curiously enough, the fate which overtook the Daiiri has pursued the Kobo; the lay and spiritual emperors are both reduced to shadows, the sovereignty either of Church or State is merely ideal and fictitious; the Daiiri sleeps away his torpid existence at Miuco, the self-torturing shadow of departed greatness, while the Kobo is immersed in dignified, but unauthoritative, seclusion in his palace at Jeddo. The charmed slumbers of the famous king in the "Sleeping Beauty," are the only parallel for the imperial state of Japan.

We must, however, remark, that the political history of Japan, since the expulsion of the Portuguese, is very scanty. This principle of dualism, which the lay and clerical empires present, is said, with what truth we know not, to pervade other Japanese institutions.

It remains to give some account of the religion of Japan, which, from the extremely perplexed and conflicting statements on the subject, is far from easy. The recognized religion, as we said, is Sintoism, though it would be hard to say what Sintoism is. The Japanese, however, seem to have solved the problem which causes so much trouble to European states. There is an established religion, and there is the most perfect toleration—purchased, as such a system only can be purchased, by an entire surrender of principle on every side. The Kobo sends an embassy, or goes on a pilgrimage to his ecclesiastical elder brother, the Sinto Emperor, and at the same time builds a Buddhist temple; while the Dairi, the prince and priest of Sintoism, allows the easy importation of strange gods into the sacred temples of his own faith. In fact, it is the height of politeness for different religious professors to attend the worship of the gods of their friends. The only thing, as of old, which is proscribed, is Christianity; neither the Japanese nor the Roman empire would refuse the Cross its intercommunion in rites. It is the exclusiveness of the Gospel which is its scandal.

Sintoism was perhaps originally a form of Sabæaniam: its chief divinity is the Goddess of the Sun. She is worshipped through the mediation of inferior gods and deified mortals. Some doctrine of a future state, and of rewards and punishments, is retained; but the actual duties of religion consist in, 1, Preservation of pure fire; 2, Purity of the heart and body; 3, The observance of festival days; 4, Pilgrimage; and, 5, The public and private *cultus* of the inferior gods and saints—the Kami. These last seem to be the ordinary Teraphim of the eastern, and Penates of classical worship. The temple and domestic worship is thus described:—

The religious observances on festival days appear to be very simple and very short. The worshipper, clad in his best clothes, approaches the temple, performs his ablutions at a tank, kneels in the veranda opposite a grated window, through which he can fix his eyes on the mirror; he then offers up his prayers, and a sacrifice of rice, fruit, tea, sackee, or the like; deposits a little money in a box, and, takes his departure, to spend the rest of the day in sports and pastimes, or in the manner he thinks best. According to Kämpfer, they conclude their ceremonies at the temple by striking three times upon a bell, which is hung over the door, believing the gods to be highly delighted with the sounds of musical instruments. "All this being done, they retire, to divert themselves the remaining part of the day with walking, exercises, sports, eating and drinking, and treating one another to good things." The temple must not be approached with a downcast spirit or a sorrowful countenance, for that might disturb the placid beatitude of the Kami.—*Ibid.*, pp. 209, 210.

The domestic rites of the ancient and dominant Japanese religion are not well known. If Siebold, from whom the account is taken, is to be trusted, the last sentence, apart from its awkward phraseology, in the following extract is very curious:—

At home in every Sinto house, each meal is preceded by a short prayer, and in nearly every garden

or courtyard attached to such house, there is a miniature *mya*, or temple. The Sinto priests are called *Kami-Nusi*, or the hosts or landlords of the gods, they dwell in houses built within the grounds attached to the temples. The money deposited by the worshippers goes into their purse, and the oblations of rice, fruit, tea, and the rest, go to their kitchen and table. They have thus the means of hospitality, and are said to exercise it liberally to strangers. The Dutch, however, always found, that, in their case, a return in solid cash was expected, and that these temple-visits were very expensive. Celibacy is no tenet of the Sintoos; the Kami-Nusi marry, and their wives are priestesses, to whom specific rites and duties are allotted. It appears that they act as god-mothers general to all the female children of their sect that are born in Japan, giving them their names, sprinkling them with water, and performing other ceremonies.—*Ibid.*, pp. 210, 211.

We need hardly remark, that the parallel which Mr. Mac Farlane seems to suggest between what he calls the Japanese pilgrimages and the Romanist devotion to shrines, is singularly inaccurate. The sacred regulation of the law for all the males to appear at Jerusalem, is a closer parallel. However, as the writer whom we have hitherto followed has compiled with general accuracy, we may take his facts apart from his inferences:—

Pilgrimage is the grand and most sanctifying act of Sinto devotion. There are no fewer than twenty-two shrines in different parts of the empire, which are frequented annually, or more frequently by the devout. The most conspicuous, and most honored of all—the very Loretto of the Japanese—is Isye, with its ancient temple of Tan-sio-dai-zin, or the Sun Goddess. The principal temple is surrounded by nearly a hundred small ones, which have little else of a temple than the mere shape, being, for the most part, so low and narrow, that a man can scarcely stand up in them. Each of these temples, or little chapels, is attended by a priest. Near to them live multitudes of priests and functionaries, who call themselves the messengers of the gods, and who keep houses and lodgings to accommodate travellers and pilgrims. . . . The principal temple itself is a very plain, unpretending edifice, and evidently of great antiquity, though not quite so old as the priests and devotees pretend. According to the latter, the Sun Goddess was born in it and dwelt in it, and on that account it has never been enlarged, improved, or in any way altered. Among the priestesses of the temple, there is almost always a daughter of a spiritual emperor.

"Orthodox Sintonists," says Kämpfer, "go in pilgrimage to Isye once a-year, or at the very least once in their lifetime; nay, it is thought a duty incumbent on every true patriot, whatever sect or religion he otherwise adheres to, and a public mark of respect and gratitude which every one ought to pay to the Sun Goddess, as to the protectress, founder, and first parent of the Japanese nation. . . . This pilgrimage is made at all times of the year; but the greatest concourse of people is in their three first months, March, April, and May, when the season of the year and the good weather make the journey very agreeable and pleasant. Persons of all ranks and qualities, rich and poor, old and young, men and women, resort thither; the lords only of the highest quality, and the most potent princes of the empire excepted, who seldom appear there in person.

"An embassy from the emperor is sent there once every year, in the first month, at which time also another with rich presents goes to Miacoo with presents to the ecclesiastical hereditary monarch. Most of the princes of the empire follow the emperor's example."—*Ibid.*, pp. 211—213.

We cannot say, however, that when we read

that the certificate of having appeared at the sacred shrine is considered as a plenary remission, and that in the available form of a piece of printed paper it is sold, with all its virtues, to all who can afford to pay for it, and who do not choose to go to the expense in time and trouble of a personal visit to Isye, we are forcibly reminded of the abuses connected with the system of indulgences.

What the ordinary writers of Japan think proper to call religious orders and monasteries, are only the Buddhist Lamacovics, which the readers of our recent paper on M. Huc's Travels are not likely to have forgotten. A society of female devotees, whom Kämpfer thinks proper to compare with the nuns, or at least, Beguines of Europe, "of no particular faith, and of very doubtful morality," much more pointedly resembles the devotees of Mylitta in the temples of Babylon.

Japan, however, like China, seems to have passed its culmination. In religion, as well as in art, these great mysterious countries are on the decline. The popular superstitions seem to have a very slight hold on the vulgar mind: Buddhism has the strongest, but, perhaps, because it is a double system, presenting a vague Pantheizing philosophy for the initiated, and the most sordid idolatry for the lower classes. The accounts seem to combine in representing the apparently inconsistent facts, that all religious persons, priests and the like, are the objects of perpetual ridicule and contempt, and yet that the temples and shrines are well attended, and supplied with pecuniary support. It is even doubtful whether, in the extreme East, an individual ever prays, or has any personal belief in God; his religion is simply and nakedly vicarious; it is the business of the priest, or Lama, to pray for him, or to grind out prayers in the Thibetan Prayer-mill. If he pays for this he thinks that he may safely despise the instrument of his devotions; so long as he gets his religion done for him, he has no further concern with it. In some such way as this, the conflicting accounts which we read of Chinese and Japanese religion, must be understood; for it is common in popular works to describe them both as a religious people, and as entire atheists.

It would be quite superfluous in this place to give any details of the philosophic religion of Japan—the *Suto* or "way of the philosophers"—because it is only the abstract and mystical esoteric Buddhism, which, perhaps, scarcely differs from the Indian and kindred Pantheism. The high spiritualistic Oriental philosophers differ rather in terminology, and not much in that, than in ideas. They believe, generally, or affect to believe, in a universal soul and spirit, sustaining but not creative, which is diffused through the universe and animates all things, which absorbs souls and intelligences as the ocean receives the rivers and waters. This is the philosophic faith which the educated classes in Japan, as throughout the East, affect to hold. They conform to the popular religious observances by way of example, and as thinking it better that the vulgar should profess, or conform to idolatry, rather than to nothing.

The public worship of Buddhism is well described by Mr. Fortune in his elegant and instructive volume, "The Tea Districts of China:"—

Anxious to see the whole of the Buddhist service, I took my station at one of the passages leading to the large temple a few minutes before the priests assembled. I had not been there long before an old

priest walked past me to a huge block of wood, carved in the form of a fish, which was slung from the roof of one of the passages. This he struck several times with a wooden pole, and a loud hollow sound was given out which was heard over all the building. The large bronze bell in the belfry was now tolled three times; and the priests were observed coming from all quarters, each having a yellow robe thrown over his left shoulder. At the same time an old man was going round, beating on a piece of square board, to awake the priests who might be asleep, and to call the lazy ones to prayer.

The temple to which the priests were hurrying, was a large building, fully 100 feet square, and about 60 feet in height. Its roof was supported by numerous massive wooden pillars. Three large idols—the Past, the Present, and the Future, each at least 30 feet in height—stood in the middle of the temple. An altar was in front of them, and more than a hundred hassocks were on the floor in front of the altar for the priests to kneel on during the service. Ranged on each side of this spacious hall were numerous idols of a smaller size, said to be the representatives of deified kings, and other great men, who had been remarkable for piety during their lifetime.

Entering with the priests, I observed a man lighting the candles placed upon the altar, and burning incense. The smoke of the incense, as it rose in the air, filled the place with a heavy yet pleasing perfume. A solemn stillness seemed to pervade the temple. The priests came in one by one, in the most devout manner, scarcely lifting their eyes from the ground, and arranged themselves on the right and left sides of the altar, kneeling on the hassocks, and bending down lowly several times to the idols. Again the large bell tolled—slowly and solemnly at first, then gradually quicker; and then everything was perfectly still.

The priests were now all assembled, about eighty in number, and the services of the temple began. I took a seat near the door. The priest nearest to the altar now rang a small bell, another struck a drum, and the whole eighty bent down several times upon their knees. One of them then struck a round piece of wood, rather larger than a man's skull, and hollow inside, alternately with a large bronze bell. At this stage of the ceremonies, a young priest stepped out from amongst the others, and took his station directly in front of the altar, bowing lowly and repeatedly as he did so. Then the hymn of praise began. One of the priests, apparently the leader, kept time by beating upon the hollow piece of wood, and the whole of the others sang or chanted the service in a most mournful key. At the commencement of the service, the priests who were ranged in front of the altar, half on the right side and half on the left, stood with their faces to the large images. Now, however, they suddenly wheeled round and faced each other. The chanting, which began slowly, increased in quickness as it went on, and when at the quickest part suddenly stopped. All was then silent for a second or two. At last, a single voice was heard to chant a few notes by itself, and then the whole assembly joined, and went on as before.

The young priest who had come out from amongst the others now took his station directly in front of the altar, but near the door of the temple, and bowed lowly several times upon a cushion placed there for that purpose. He then walked up to the altar with slow and solemn steps, took up a vessel which stood on it, and filled it with water. After making some crosses and gyrations with his hand, he sprinkled a little of the water upon the table. When this was done, he poured a little from the vessel into a cup, and retired slowly from the altar towards the door of the temple. Passing outside, he dipped his fingers in the water and sprinkled it on the top of a stone pillar which stood near the door.

While this was going on the other priests were still

chanting the service. The time of the music frequently changed ;—now it was fast and lively—now slow and solemn—but always in a plaintive key. This part of the service being ended, all knelt lowly before the altar, and when they rose from their knees a procession was formed. The priests on the right of the altar filed off to the right, and those on the left to the left, each walking behind the other up the two sides of the spacious hall, and chanting as they went a low and solemn air, time being kept by the tinkling of a small bell. When the two processions met at the further end of the building, each wheeled round and returned in the same order as it came. The procession lasted for about five minutes, and then the priests took up their stations in front of the altar, and the chanting went on as before. A minute or two after this the whole body fell upon their knees, and sang for a while in this posture. When they rose, those on the left sang a part of the service by themselves, then knelt down. The right side now took up the chant, and, having performed their part, also knelt down. The left side rose again, and so they went on for ten minutes, prostrating themselves alternately before the altar. The remainder of the service was nearly the same as that at the commencement.

This striking ceremony had now lasted for about an hour. During the whole time a thick screen had been hanging down in front of the large door, to keep out the sun's rays. Just before the conclusion of the service the curtain was drawn aside, and a most striking and curious effect was produced. Streams of ruddy light shot across the temple, the candles on the altar appeared to burn dimly, and the huge idols seemed more massive and strange than they had done before. One by one the priests slowly retired as solemnly as they came, and apparently deeply impressed with the services in which they had been engaged. Nearly all the priests adjourned to the refectory, where dinner was served immediately. The Buddhists eat no animal food ; but they manage to consume a very large quantity of rice and vegetables. I have been perfectly astonished at the quantity of rice eaten by one of these priests at a meal. And yet, generally, they look poor and emaciated beings, which is probably owing as much to the sedentary lives which they lead as to the nature of their food.—*Tea Districts of China*, pp. 304—309.

It has been said or thought, that the toleration of different sects is a promising omen for missionary work in Japan ; and it has actually been proposed, should an entrance ever be forced or yielded in the great barrier against national intercourse which these singular islands have for so many centuries maintained, that the Christian missionaries should place themselves under the protection of the spiritual emperor. If, it is said, Christianity would come down from its transcendental and exclusive position, if it would renounce the right of total independence, the cross might once more triumph over the centinuous deities of Buddhism. Now we are far from saying that the Portuguese mission was without its faults, or that we should not do well, did the occasion offer, entirely to avoid that interference with secular politics, which, sooner or later, becomes the bane of all Jesuit missions ; and through which, in Japan, the church planted by Xavier fell. But there are two especial difficulties connected with any Japanese mission. In recognizing the government of the country, and in submitting to its ordinances, it is difficult to see how a mission could distinguish between the coördinate secular and ecclesiastical authorities. While the Mikado or Dairi claims to be the son and representative of Deity, so long as the spiritual emperor is not only protector of the sects but himself in-

herits the theocracy, so long as an innate holiness is ascribed to his person, and so long as he claims to exercise the attributes of Divinity, the power of causing famine and pestilence, and the like, it seems all but impossible for any Christian mission to recognize the Mikado at all or his authority.

The separation of the state authority into two (theoretically) independent functions, and the necessity of recognizing both, is then one especial difficulty in the way of evangelizing Japan ; and it is one of recent growth, for in Xavier's days it had not taken its present definite form. Add to this that Christianity has been tried and rejected ; an apostate country is harder to reclaim than a simply heathen one. The Gospel is a savor of death unto death. It is hoped, however, that if Christianity were presented with simpler rites, and in direct antagonism to that form of it against which the Japanese are so prejudiced, "a troop of reformed missionaries might again have a chance of success ;" so we are told ; but we must not forget that Japan has received and rejected the Gospel, under Roman Catholic auspices ; it has in the person of the Dutch seen something of its reformed aspect. If the one has repelled, the other would not be likely to attract, either the philosophizing from his supersensual contemplations, or the vulgar from his sensual idolatries. The Christians of Xavier's church might provoke a popular tumult, by insulting the *Dii minorum gentium* of Sintoism or Buddhism ; all that the Japanese know of Christianity, under any other form, is that presented by the Hollanders, who helped the Japanese idolaters to massacre the Japanese Christians. These are ill omens for the evangelization of Japan ; and, though we do not, and dare not, for a single moment, doubt of the ultimate success of our own Church, in the great work of Oriental missions, if fairly presented in its own principles, yet what has already been detailed of Japan will serve to show what especial hindrances it must encounter, if the work of planting the cross in Nippon should be reserved for us—or for our American brethren.

Of late years the subject of missions has been taken up with some better approaches to philosophy and common sense. But we shall never succeed in missions, if we suppose that an ordinary gentleman, of less than ordinary capacity, with nothing to offer to the subtle professors of Brahmanism and Buddhism, than the Bible, and the Prayer Book, with its unvarying ritual, constructed for England, and English tastes, will make the least impression on the great Oriental mind. Few of our readers have, perhaps, realized the vastness of the system to be attacked ; Buddhism and Brahmanism combined far exceed in numerical strength Christianity under its varied forms. The statistics of religion combine in representing Buddhism alone as nearly equalling the Gospel in point of numbers ; some accounts give Buddhism a clear superiority. The ordinary computation of the population of the globe, according to religious profession—we take that adopted by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—is :—

Christians, . . . . .	250,000,000.
Jews, . . . . .	4,000,000.
Mahometans, . . . . .	96,000,000.
Idolaters of all sorts, . . . . .	500,000,000.=860,000,000

This table does not vary very fatally from the more scientific enumeration furnished by Mr Keith Johnstone, in his "Physical Atlas," which,



adopting the above method of division, would stand thus:—

Christians, . . . . .	286,000,000.
Jews, . . . . .	5,500,000.
Mahometans, . . . . .	116,000,000.
Idolaters, . . . . .	484,000,000.=891,000,000.

It is frightful, however, to remember, that this awful aggregate of the sum of idolaters, is made up, according to Mr. Johnstone, in particulars of—

Buddhists, . . . . .	245,000,000.
Brahmanists, . . . . .	133,000,000.
Pagans, . . . . .	106,000,000.=484,000,000.

An unauthoritative and anonymous table, given by Mr. Mac Farlane, shows still more alarming proportions; we believe them to be an exaggerated statement of Oriental religion:—

Mahometans, . . . . .	252,000,000.
Buddhists, . . . . .	315,000,000.
Brahmanists, . . . . .	111,000,000.

But anyhow, we have nearly four hundred millions of religionists not strictly worshippers of wood and stone, but under its Brahmanical and Buddhistic varieties, professors of a religion which claims to have a deep and commanding philosophy, which numbers educated and thoughtful men in its ranks, which is old, venerable, full of great associations, and abounding in lofty pretensions. Against all this we have to offer Christianity, externally crippled, and internally weakened by divisions. In the plenitude of his heathen scorn, when the Japanese emperor was once asked to proscribe Christianity, he replied, "We have already thirty-four sects of our own; the Christians will make the thirty-fifth; this will do no great harm; let them remain." But when Christianity is next proffered to the proud feudality of Japan, it will not be in the shape of a thirty-fifth faith, one compact and intelligible, but in the perplexing form of twice thirty-five denominations of Christians, repeating with exaggerations the terrible warning of the strife between Portuguese and Dutch. The enmity between two bodies of Christian professors destroyed Japanese Christianity once; what we have next to try is, whether the Japanese will be indifferent to the sight of eight or ten rival missions, all proclaiming the Gospel, and all "thoroughly convinced," and thoroughly proclaiming their convictions, "of the difference between the Church of Rome, and the reformed churches." To this obstacle we must reconcile ourselves as we may; it is one common in days of division, to every church, and to "all denominations;" it is no especial hindrance to the Church of England. We make up our minds to it, and expect it, and fight it as we can. All that we can do is either to face it, or to abandon missionary work altogether.

There remain, however, certain specialities, which account for the little success which our recent missions have had in grappling with the Oriental mind. We do not undervalue the Tinnevely successes, and the like; they are, however, recent and partial. And they, which is most thankworthy, show that "the common people bear the Gospel gladly." But as regards the great labyrinth of Indian metaphysics, and Buddhist theosophy, have we penetrated even the outskirts of the jungle? What impression has been made upon those hundreds of millions of souls? Can we expect any impression? Passing by that

deadliest curse upon missionary purposes, the evil lives of Christian professors, what machinery have we to grapple with the systematic unbelief of the East? What with Islam?

It is comparatively easy for very common-place people, and with very ordinary means, to displace Fetichism, or to substitute the worship of Almighty God for that of a black stone; but confront a missionary of the ordinary "Society" stamp with a great religion, which professes the loftiest doctrines and the purest principles of abstract morality—which preaches the beauty and holiness of self-sacrifice—which inculcates the necessity of prayer without ceasing, and the deepest meditation upon spiritual mysteries—which is ascetic and charitable—which commands self-examination and the most minute watchfulness over every thought, and deed, and word, and work; and all that we can say is, that he requires a very different training from what among ourselves he receives. The foundation of S. Augustine's College has led to some expectations of an improved state of things. We believe that these expectations will not be disappointed; but beyond this admirable institution we have a right to scrutinize every quarter where aid can be legitimately demanded. There is a Sanscrit professorship; and there are Sanscrit scholarships at Oxford. It is not unfair to inquire, what assistance the church has derived from these endowments, in coping with Buddhism in the strongholds of its influence and successes? We say it without bitterness or contempt; but what can be expected from a divine of the calibre of Bishop Smith of Victoria, who has only signalized himself by squabbling with the American missionary bishop, Dr. Boone, about precedence and jurisdiction? What we want—and to supply the want we can never begin too early—is a body of men of the highest education who shall be able to grapple with refined infidelity of the most specious forms in Benares, Canton and Jeddo.

A story is told somewhere of a resolution, which some well-meaning persons came to, for converting Southern India by a liberal distribution of Butler's Analogy in the vernacular, having failed by the preliminary difficulty of universal ignorance as to what was the Tamil for analogy. It is a fact, that after some years of Anglo-Saxon missions at Hong Kong, the American and English missionaries cannot settle, either for themselves or each other, the Chinese word for God, in its Christian sense. Such difficulties are not confined to a single theological term. The instance is adduced only to show that the very highest education, and the greatest intellectual powers of Europe, will be taxed, when they enter into controversy with the higher forms of Oriental religion.

Neither will it help the missionary cause if the way to Jeddo is opened by British or American steamers and cannon. The Japanese, as a people, we believe, regret the policy which shuts their ports to European civilization and European trade. Much, however, as in their hearts they might welcome the downfall of the moribund political system, which estranges Japan; we question whether the propagation of the Gospel would be benefited by its connexion with bloodshed and revolution. It is a misfortune that the English Church must be in Chinese eyes connected with the opium war; not a misfortune that the Bishopric of Victoria was founded as soon as we settled at Hong Kong; but a deep and abiding misfortune, that the first which was heard in so many Chinese

provinces of England, was in connexion with the Nemesis, and the "devil's ships." The Gospel of Peace and a British broadside are hard things for the Chinese intellect to reconcile.

However, we are venturing on subjects perplexing, if not painful; we will therefore turn to a more promising aspect of the Japanese character, and, as it is connected with our last observations, some account of Japanese learning, and of the general diffusion of education, will not be out of place; only premising that the Japanese language is monosyllabic,\* that paper made of bark is said to have been used as early as the seventh century, and that the art of printing from engraved wooden blocks is some centuries older than its European invention or introduction.

From the moment the Japanese acquired a written language, their literature advanced rapidly, and it appears to have improved from age to age. Unfortunately, in Europe, it is scarcely known; but from the few Japanese books that have fallen into the hands of learned foreigners, and from the accounts left us by the missionaries and other travellers, it is evident that these people possess works of all kinds—historical compositions, geographical and other scientific treatises, books on natural history, voyages and travels, moral philosophy, cyclopedias, dramas, romances, poems, and every component part of a very polite literature.

The wide diffusion of education, which has been more than once mentioned, is of no recent date. The first of all the missionaries who visited the country found schools established wherever they went. The sainted Xavier mentions the existence of four "Academies" in the vicinity of Miako, at each of which education was afforded to between three and four thousand pupils; adding, that considerable as these numbers were, they were quite insignificant in comparison with the numbers instructed at an institution near the city of Bandone; and that such institutions were universal throughout the empire.

Nor does it appear that these institutions have decreased in modern days. Speaking of the early part of the present century, M. Meylan states that children of both sexes and of all ranks are invariably sent to rudimentary schools, where they learn to read and write, and are initiated into some knowledge of the history of their own country. To this extent, at least, it is considered necessary that the meanest peasant should be educated. Our officers, who visited the country as late as the year 1845, ascertained that there existed at Nagasaki a college, in which, additionally to the routine of native acquirements, foreign languages were taught. Among the visitors on board our ship, many spoke Dutch. Some understood a little French. One young student understood English slightly, could pronounce a few English words, caught readily at every English expression that struck him, and wrote it down in his note-book. They all seemed to be tolerably well acquainted with geography, and some of them appeared to have some acquaintance with guns, and the science of gunnery. The eagerness of all of them to acquire information greatly delighted our officers.

The Japanese printers keep the market well supplied with cheap, easy books, intended for the instruction of children, or people of the poorer classes. The editions or impressions of books of a higher order appear to be uncommonly numerous. Most of these books are illustrated and explained with frequent woodcuts, which are engraved on the same woodblocks

with the type. Like the Chinese, they only print on one side of their thin paper. An imperial cyclopædia, printed at Miako, in the spiritual emperor's palace, is most copiously embellished with cuts.

All are agreed that reading is a favorite resource and recreation with both sexes, and that the Daïri, or court of the Mikado, is eminently a bookish, literary court.

It is said that few sights are more common in Japan, during the sunny seasons of the year, than that of a group of ladies and gentlemen seated by a cool running stream, or in a shady grove, each with book in hand. Whatever their literature may be, it is evident that it delights them, and that it has polished their manners.—*Mac Farlane's Japan*, pp. 372—375.

It is added, also, that every Japanese, of whatever rank, is sent to school. It is said that there are more schools in Japan than in any other country in the world; and that even the peasants and poorest persons can read;—that, contrary to oriental practice, the minds of the women are equally cultivated with those of the men. Many of their authors are female; and travellers are enthusiastic in praise of their courtly manners and refinement. The national vice, among the men, is incontinence; but female chastity is in universal esteem. We conclude with an account of the national amusements, which presents very pleasing elements of a high and almost incredible civilization:—

In the great world the young ladies find delight, at their social meetings, in every description of fine work, the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, painting of fans, birds, and animals, pocket-books, purses, plaiting thread for the head-dress, all for the favorite use of giving as presents. Such employments serve to wile away the long winter evenings. In the spring, on the other hand, they participate with eagerness in all kinds of out-door and rural amusements. Of these the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats, which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music, they glide in these vessels from noon till late in the night. . . .

This is an enjoyment which can only be shared under the advantages of such a climate and scenery, viz., the climate of Nice and the scenery of Lugano. Their lakes and rivers are, after sunset, one blaze or illumination, as it were, with the brightly-colored paper lanterns displayed in their vessels. They play meanwhile that game with the fingers, which has been perpetuated from classic times in Italy. A floating figure is also placed in a vase of water; as the water is stirred by the motion of the boat, the figure moves. The guests sing to the guitar the strain "Anataya modamada,"—"He floats, he is not still," till at last the puppet rests opposite some one of the party, whom it sentences to drain the sackee bowl, as the pleasing forfeit of the game. All this stands out in cheerful contrast to the dull debaucheries of the men, and the childish diversions of the women, among other oriental nations. The female sex, at least, have greatly the advantage over the scandal of the Turkish bath; and the man has, equally with the Turk, the resource of his pipe, in the intervals of those better enjoyments which the admission of the female sex into society affords him, and which are prohibited to the Mussulman.

Assuredly, these are captivating, delicious pictures of life and manners.—*Ibid.*, pp. 329—331.

HUMAN thought forms the world in its own image.

THE man who anticipates too much in the future, loses the present; he looks before him, and has his pocket picked.

\* A Jesuit once said of it, that it must have been invented, and invested with the utmost difficulty by Satan himself, in order to drive poor missionaries mad, and hinder the progress of the faith.

From the Examiner.

*A Treatise on the Law of Master and Servant, including therein Masters and Workmen in every description of Trade and Occupation.* By CHARLES MANLEY SMITH, of the Middle Temple, Special Pleader. Sweet.

We have here, in a neat, compact duodecimo, a treatise on the relations of employer and servant in every department of industry, written in so well-measured a style of good English as to be equally fitted for the professional or popular student. It consists of a brief but lucid introduction, which may be called a history of servitude in this country;—of eleven chapters, clear and succinct, in which the law of master and servant is stated in all its varieties;—and of an appendix, containing an alphabetic index, to all the statutes which bear on the question of labor, and all the statutes themselves, *in extenso*, now in force, from the time of Elizabeth to that of Victoria.

We believe Mr. Smith's work to be the only separate publication in our language, on the subject; and as the book is not only written with a thorough acquaintance with the matter in hand, but commodiously arranged and skillfully composed, we do not hesitate most strongly to recommend it. The subject, indeed, is one which has a deep and domestic interest for every man and woman in the kingdom. The legal portion of Mr. Smith's book is of far too multifarious a character for our columns, and on that head we must therefore refer our readers to the work itself; but we shall take this opportunity of offering a few observations on the subject of the Introduction.

It is hardly necessary to say that the word "servant" is the Latin for "slave,"—come to us, in its present shape, through the Norman French. A servant, in the sense in which the word is used by ourselves and the other civilized nations of Europe, is a thing unknown to barbarous and rude times, in which the land is wide, and those who occupy it few in number, compared with the capacity of the soil to maintain population. There has been much idle discussion respecting the first origin of slavery, which is about as profitless as an inquiry into the origin of evil in general. In a barbarous state of society, and with the scanty population which is its concomitant, slavery seems to us to be inevitable. Tribes, or parties of the same tribe, struggle for power, and the conquerors seize the only thing of intrinsic value belonging to the conquered—that is, their labor; in other words, they make slaves of them. Among a thousand other examples, it was in this manner that the Spartans made slaves of the Helots.

Antiquity knew nothing of a servant in our sense of the word. All servants were either slaves or bondsmen among the Greeks, the Romans, the Persians, and the Jews. In reference to the last of these nations, the late Lord Eldon, a very great lawyer, a very small politician, and no philosopher at all, was so satisfied that Hebrew slavery was even of divine origin, that the pious Tory used it deliberately, in his place in Parliament, as an argument against all African emancipation by free-born Britons. Even in our times the greater part of labor in all rude and under-peopled countries is performed by slaves, under one modification or another. Russia and Turkey are striking examples. It is not religion, nor morality, nor the liberty of the ruling classes, that overthrows slavery, and substitutes free labor for it; but density of population, and its necessary result, low-priced

labor, which makes it more convenient and profitable to hire free laborers than to breed and maintain slaves. In China, without having attained any very high pitch of morality, slavery has disappeared through mere density of population. It has done the same in the northern and central portions of Hindustan, which are thickly inhabited, while in the thinly inhabited regions of the south of the same country there still exist some millions of slaves. Julius Cæsar sold by public auction whole cities of Gaul as slaves, because there was a good market for slaves in Italy. Had the Italy of his day contained, like the present, some two or three hundred inhabitants to the square mile, the hero, philosopher, and fine writer would have been saved the dishonor of such exploits; for his Gallic slaves, instead of being a profitable import into the Roman market, would have been worse than a drug—a mere import of pauperism.

Our own country is as good an example as can well be adduced for the manner in which slavery came to be abolished among us. Our worthy Saxon and Norman ancestors rioted in slavery. It disappeared gradually and slowly, from sheer inanity, the Legislature of our free country never once having interfered to put it down. The silent operation of a leading principle of that hard-hearted science, political economy, did it all. It had not wholly disappeared in England until about the middle of the reign of James the First. It lasted, therefore, during 1,300 years that we were stanch Roman Catholics, and fifty since we were zealous Protestants. In Scotland, it seems to have generally disappeared about the same time as in England; yet, strange to say, some traces of it still existed in that part of the United Kingdom down to the last year but one of the last century. The parties who were in this condition of *quasi* slavery were certain colliers and salt-manufacturers, who, until the year 1799, when a statute was passed for their emancipation, might be bought and sold along with the collieries and salt-pans to which they were attached. Some of these, once Caledonian slaves, are still living; and slavery itself was thus in existence when Robert Burns was singing, that, save the chains of love, "the brave Caledonian" was "as free as the air of his mountains."

The villainage of Russia is, without a doubt, doomed also to perish, not through Russian virtue, but pretty much through the same process with that which extinguished slavery in Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. Were, for example, the population of Russia, compared to the number of her present inhabitants, relatively as great as the population of the England of Elizabeth compared to that of the England of the Saxon Heptarchy or of the Conquest, it is certain that Russian slavery must at once cease and determine. On the continent of America it will terminate, probably, in the same way; for it is not easy to imagine the Great Republic with a population of 50,000,000, which it will have in a quarter of a century, and slavery along with it. Even now it lives only by virtue of black skin and oblique facial angle.

No sooner did cheap and abundant free labor come to displace slavery in England by underselling it in the market, than that Legislature which had never boded to put it down, began to tamper with free labor, and to put its own price on it. The first statute for this purpose was as early as 1349, in the reign of Edward the Third; and its preamble pretended, that in consequence of the

plague and other causes, such a scarcity of servants was created, that many "seeing the necessity of masters, would not serve unless they might receive excessive wages;" which excessive wages could, of course, only mean the market price of labor; what labor was, in fact, intrinsically worth. Many statutes followed this one, compelling laborers and servants to work, and regulating their wages, diet, apparel, and games—a tissue of impertinence which shows that English Parliaments 500 years ago legislated in the spirit of the laws of the Emperor Christophe of Hayti. The working clergy, that is, the poor curates of the time, the pretext being their "scant numbers," had their wages also fixed like those of day laborers. By a statute of the religious King Henry the Eighth, indeed, husbandmen and laborers, with prentices, women and others, were forbid to read the New Testament in English; leaving them, however, it may be supposed, the liberty to read it in Greek.

Tampering with the wages of labor, in short, appears to have been the rule of the Legislature for the 477 years which elapsed between the first act of Edward the Third having this object in view, to the sixth of George the Fourth, which repealed the combination laws. At present (we must refer to Mr. Smith's work for details) the relations between master and servant are tolerably well defined; but the struggle that brought this state of things about was a long and a severe one, between freedom and philosophy on one side, and power and prejudice on the other.

OFFICE OF THE LIVING AGE, }  
25th Oct., 1852. }

#### DANIEL WEBSTER IS DEAD.

As we looked out yesterday upon the bright foliage of the autumn woods, through the thinned branches of which the dawn of the Christian Sabbath was gleaming, we heard the first gun booming from Boston as a signal of the sad bereavement which for several days had been impending. And as minute after minute the windows rattled at each discharge, our hearts felt the sound as that of earth falling upon the coffin of a father, during the choking solemnity which gives "Earth to earth; dust to dust; ashes to ashes!"

From the Boston Courier.

#### LINES

ON HEARING THE MINUTE GUNS AND TOLLED BELLS ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

"But hark! that heavy sound." \* \* \*

Boom on! thou melancholy minute gun,  
Boom on!

And toll, thou solemn bell!  
To sorrowing hearts your story tell—  
Ye bid the Nation robes of mourning don;  
Her statesman's course is run!

Down through the still, pure air  
Of this clear morn  
The stricken leaves are floating everywhere,  
Stripping each blithe young tree, each aged thorn,  
Autumn, with fingers chill, retakes his vestments fair!  
Boom on, thou melancholy minute gun,

And toll, sad bell.  
A glorious life hath faded with the leaves—  
A people for its benefactor grieves;  
At height of hope, death ruthlessly bereaves—  
Ring on, thou tribute knell!

Not for a Hero's rest,  
Thou mournful gun.  
Not o'er the shivered sword and trampled crest,  
And carnage done;—

O! not for these, thou deep-toned bell,  
Thy heavy tidings swell!

His nobler fields were won  
Where Peace serenely sat  
In halls of loftiest state—  
Where Faith and Honor wait,  
To guard the massive gate;  
And he expires  
Amid his household band,  
Propped by Affection's tenderest hand  
Beside Home's altar fires!

Calmly to welcome rest,  
Life's labors done,  
Sinks on Columbia's breast  
Her honored son!  
The trappings of her woe,  
From east to farthest west,  
Her drooping banners soon will show;—  
From north to south thy voice shall go,  
Thou melancholy gun;—

Thy funeral notes, O dreary bell,  
Shall swing through many a distant dell!  
And beat with startling throbs the air  
O'er crowded marts—o'er hamlets fair;  
And foreign lands will learn to weep  
Such echoes, wafted o'er the deep!  
Not least, where he will roam no more,  
By fertile lea, or sounding shore—

The blank will be!  
His kindly greeting, ready hand—  
His aspect, dignified, yet bland.  
His bearing free,  
Forever more are gone!  
Toll on, sad bell—and thou, stern gun,  
Boom on!

Ye poured his requiem notes at earliest morn—  
And with the unclouded sun,  
His life, on earth well done,  
In worlds of light and joy is just begun!  
Ours is the grief—his the high triumph won.  
Peal on! of both the voice, thou signal gun!  
Boston, Oct. 24, 1852. W. W. M.

From the Springfield Republican.

#### LIVE OAK—A SONNET.

THE kingly oak that crowned the distant height  
Grew daily purple in the Autumn light;  
Frost after frost, that fell so chill and cold,  
But changed its ripening glories into gold,  
And travellers in the valley paused to gaze  
Where it was burning in the sunset blaze.  
A night passed by—a dark and dreary time;—  
Then the sweet Sabbath dawned upon the world;  
But those great branches glistened in the rime  
Silent and bare—their mantling beauty furled!  
WEBSTER! Thy character, though past thy life,  
Still on the height majestically towers,  
Each root and branch was knit in noble strife;  
Its fallen fruit, its golden leaves are ours.

J. G. H.

#### A LITTLE WORD.

A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere.  
A word—a look—has crushed to earth  
Full many a budding flower,  
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,  
Would bless life's darkest hour.  
Then deem it not an idle thing  
A pleasant word to speak;  
The face you wear—the thoughts you bring—  
The heart may heal or break.